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THE

HANDBOOK OF DINING;

OR,

CORPULENCY AND LEANNESS

SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

COMPRISING

THE ART OF DINING ON CORRECT PRINCIPLES CONSISTENT WITH EASY DIGESTION, THE AVOIDANCE OF CORPULENCY, AND THE CURE OF LEANNESS; TOGETHER WITH SPECIAL REMARKS ON THESE SUBJECTS.

BY

BRILLAT-SAVARIN,

AUTHOR OF THE "PHYSIOLOGIE DU GOUT."

TRANSLATED BY L. F. SIMPSON.

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PREFACE.

When the first edition of the "Handbook of Dining" was published, it was not written with a view to elucidate the two great questions—Corpulency and Leanness—which at the present moment absorb the attention of the public mind. The object was to point out to those privileged individuals who can afford to give *recherché* dinners, that there existed a work by a great master, who had thoroughly studied the subject, and laid down maxims which no other writer can challenge.

The "Physiologie du Goût" of Brillat-Savarin is the work not only of a physician, but of a philosopher. In France it retains the rank due to a work of the highest order.

The so-called "Banting system," that is to say, the reduction of corpulency, is treated by Savarin

in a scientific manner, which will at once cast all other systems into the shade, except those which agree with him.

The Art of Dining is intimately connected with the preservation of health.

The present edition of the "Handbook of Dining" is especially devoted to the CURE of LEANNESS and REDUCTION of CORPULENCY rather than to the art of giving dinners.

THE TRANSLATOR.

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HANDBOOK OF DINING.

INTRODUCTION.

As stated in the title-page, the following volume is based upon the "Physiologie du Goût" of Brillat-Savarin—a work unrivalled in its peculiar sphere. Many parts have been condensed, others omitted, as not suited to the present tone of society. It is curious that a translation of this remarkable book has not long since been made. An article in the "Quarterly," which appeared some years since, founded, if we err not, on Savarin's work, for a moment drew attention to an essay which may be placed on the same shelf with Rousseau, Voltaire, or the political economy of Bastiat. It is, in fact, not a cookery-book; it is a brilliant-treatise (as the title "Physiologie du Goût" implies) on gastronomy or the art of eating, regarded in all its branches. Some of the anecdotes are most amusing; some of the ideas most instructive; the work a masterpiece in its way. The art of dining is quite distinct from the art of giving dinners; but no

person can read these pages without coming to the conclusion that gastronomy is a science well worthy the study of persons of intellect of both sexes; and it will lead them to the conviction, that a little more study in the selection of their dishes, in the management of their kitchen, and due attention to the comfort of their guests, will enhance tenfold the pleasures of the table, and make their dinners select.

Reform in dinner-giving is on the *tapis*, and we trust it will not be dropped. A move has been made in the right direction. Savarin's Aphorisms in the first chapter contain, pretty nearly, all the general rules to be observed.

There are a few passages somewhat free—but, gentle reader, skip them over—they are only poppies in a cornfield—dandelions on the same bank as the blue-eyed violet.

A brief sketch of Brillat-Savarin himself may not prove uninteresting.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin was born on the 1st April, 1755, at Belley, a small town at the foot of the Alps, not far from the Rhône, where that river marks the boundary between France and Savoy. He was called to the bar at an early age, and practised with distinction. In 1789 he was returned by his fellow-citizens, member for his native place, to the Constituent Assembly. He was subsequently appointed President of the Civil Tribune of the department de l'Ain. An upright magistrate, his amiable and conciliating manners gained the esteem of all who came in contact with him. As mayor of Belley, in

1793, he boldly resisted every attempt at anarchy, and for some time warded off the Reign of Terror from his native place. He was ultimately compelled to fly to Switzerland. He subsequently crossed the Atlantic, and spent two years at New York. He gave lessons in French to earn a livelihood, and being an excellent musician, performed nightly in the orchestra of the theatre. In after life, Brillat-Savarin always recalled this period of his career with pleasure. As soon as something like quiet was restored to France, Brillat-Savarin returned to his native land. He landed at Havre, in the first days of Vendémiaire, Year v. (September, 1796). Under the Directory, he was employed, first, as secretary to the staff of the army of the Republic in Germany, afterwards as commissary of the government in the Department of the Seine-et-Oise, at Versailles. He held this appointment on the 18th Brumaire.

Called to the Court of Cassation, Brillat-Savarin passed the last twenty-five years of his life in that honourable calling, respected by his subordinates, enjoying the friendship of his equals, and the esteem of all who knew him. *Homme d'esprit*, a pleasant boon companion, full of merriment, he was the charm of every society happy enough to possess him. In his leisure hours he wrote the "Physiologie du Goût"—to which he did not put his name. The success was immediate; the natural flow of his language won him the hearts of all readers, and the severest critics were disarmed.

Of manly and robust stature and health, Brillat-

Savarin himself, though he understood a good dinner, lived frugally. He caught cold at the funeral of one of his friends, and with his peculiar fine appreciation of every feeling, was at once aware that he was a dying man. The best physicians of Paris were of no avail. He died with a smile on his lips, regretted by all his friends, and leaving behind him the remarkable work, which we place before the reader, as a monument to his memory.

CHAPTER I.

APHORISMS.

I.

THE universe without life would be nothing, and all that lives must be fed.

II.

Animals feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows HOW to eat.

III.

The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed.

IV.

Tell me what you eat, I will tell you what you are.

V.

The Creator in making it obligatory on man to eat to live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure he experiences.

VI.

Good living is an act of our judgment, by which

we give a preference to things agreeable to taste, to those which do not possess that quality.

VII.

The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and of great variety; they are the concomitants of all other pleasures, and when all the rest are gone, they remain to console us for their loss.

VIII.

The dinner-table is the only place where men are not bored during the first hour.

IX.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind, than the discovery of a new planet.

X.

Men who eat hastily or get drunk do not know how to eat or drink.

XI.

Comestibles vary from the most substantial to the most light.

XII.

Beverages range from the mildest to the strongest and most delicately flavoured.

XIII.

To say that a man ought not to vary his wine is

heresy: the palate becomes deadened; after the third glass the finest wine in the world becomes insipid.

XIV.

A dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye.

XV.

Cookery is a science. No man is born a cook.

XVI.

The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality. The same must be said of guests.

XVII.

To wait too long for a guest is a breach of politeness towards all who have arrived punctually.

XVIII.

A man who invites friends to dinner, and takes no personal interest in his dinner, is not worthy of friendship.

XIX.

The lady of the house should always take care that the coffee is excellent; and the master of the house should be sure that the *liqueurs* are of the first quality.

XX.

When you invite a man to dinner, never forget that during the short time he is under your roof his happiness is in your hands.

CHAPTER II.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY OF EATING.

ADAM was born fasting, and the new-born babe that has scarcely entered the world cries until it is calmed by its mother's breast. Eating is a necessity, and has led to cookery.

Cookery is the art which has rendered the most important service to civil society; for it has brought into play the application of fire, and it is by fire that man has subjugated nature.

Taking a general view, cookery may be divided into three branches:

The first refers to the preparation of food, and maintains its original appellation.

The second is occupied with analyzing and verifying the elements of food, and is called Chemistry.

The third, which might be called *cuisine de réparation*, is known under the name of Pharmacy.

If their end is different, they nevertheless are connected by the application of fire, by the use of furnaces and of the same utensils.

Thus the same piece of beef which is converted by

the cook into soup or roast, is examined by the chemist to ascertain into how many substances it may be divided, whilst the apothecary cures us should it perchance be indigestible.

Man is an omnivorous animal: he has incisive teeth to eat fruit, molar teeth to mash grain, and canine teeth to tear flesh: hence the observation that man approaches nearer the savage the more his canine teeth are developed and easily discernible.

It is extremely probable that for some time the species was frugivorous from necessity, for man is the most unprotected animal of the whole world, and his means of attack limited unless armed. But the instinct of progress in-born in his nature soon developed itself: the very knowledge of his weakness induced him to fabricate weapons of defence: his carnivorous instinct represented by his canine teeth also urged him; and once armed, he preyed and fed upon all animals around him.

This instinct of destructiveness still exists; children seldom fail to kill the little animals that are left at their mercy; if they were hungry they would eat them.

It is not surprising that man should have a desire to eat flesh: his stomach is too small, and fruit does not contain sufficient nourishment to satisfy him; vegetables would be better; but such a diet would imply inventions which it required centuries to perfect.

The first weapons of man were doubtless branches of trees; later, bows and arrows.

It is well worthy of remark that wherever man has been discovered, no matter in what climate or what latitude, he has always been found armed with bows and arrows. It is difficult to explain this uniformity. We cannot understand how the same series of ideas should have presented itself to individuals under such different circumstances; it must proceed from a cause hidden behind the curtain of ages.

Raw meat has one inconvenience: it sticks in the teeth: with this exception it is not disagreeable to taste; seasoned with a little salt, it digests easily, and must be more nourishing than any other food.

"Mein Gott!" said a captain of Croats to me in 1815, whom I had invited to dinner, "why so much trouble about a repast? When we are on scout-duty and are hungry, we shoot the first animal that crosses our path; we cut off a slice to our liking, sprinkle a little salt and pepper on it, of which we always carry a provision in our *sabre-tasche*, we place it under the saddle on the horse's back, set off at a hand gallop, and (making the movement of a man tearing meat with his teeth) *gnian*, *gnian*, *gnian*, we dine like princes."

In the Dauphiné, if a sportsman shoots a corn-crake, he plucks it, rubs it inside with salt and pepper, carries it in his cap, and, when hungry, eats it. They maintain that it is much better eating thus than roasted.

Moreover, if our great-grandfathers did eat their food raw, we have not yet quite given up the habit. The most delicate palate will eat dried sausages, smoked beef and ham, anchovies, dried herrings that

have never been on the fire, and like them all the same.

As soon as the properties of fire were discovered, the instinct of perfection made man apply it to food; first to dry it, then by placing it on hot embers, to cook it.

Flesh thus handled was found better; it had more consistency, was more easily chewed, and the osmazône (essence of the meat) becoming fluid, gave it a savoury flavour which was pleasing to the palate.

However, it was soon discovered that meat grilled on coals was not free from being soiled, as a portion of cinder generally adhered to it. This was remedied by sticking it on skewers, which were placed on raised stones at a sufficient height to prevent contact with the embers. This was the origin of the gridiron, a most simple and excellent invention, because the meat thus cooked always retains its flavour.

In Homer's days matters were not much more advanced. Behold how Achilles received three of the noblest among the Greeks, one of whom was a king:

> With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led,
> And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
> Then thus:—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
> Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
> Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
> Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.
> He said: Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
> Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:
> The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
> Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains:
> Achilles at the genial feast presides,

The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is lighten'd with the rising blaze;
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He throws a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
Himself opposed t' Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat offerings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly represt.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the god-like man:
Health to Achilles, &c.

ILIAD, *Canto IX. Pope's Translation.*

That Achilles and Patroclus should themselves have prepared the repast, is an exceptional case out of honour to their illustrious guests, for the duties of the kitchen generally fell to the lot of the women and slaves.

Here we have the fact of a king, the son of a king, and three Greek generals making an excellent dinner on bread, wine, and a grill.

The bowels of animals stuffed with blood and fat formed a favourite dish of the Greeks. It was nothing more than sausage.

At this period, and doubtless long before, poetry

and music were associated with the pleasures of the table. Venerable bards sang the wonders of nature, the loves of the gods, and the noble deeds of warriors; they formed a sort of priesthood, and it is not impossible that the divine Homer himself may have been the issue of one of those favoured men of heaven; he could not have attained so high a position if his poetical studies had not commenced in his childhood.

Madame Dacier observes that Homer never speaks of boiled beef in any portion of his work. The Hebrews were more advanced, owing to their sojourn in Egypt; they had cooking utensils which they placed on the fire, and it was in such a utensil that Jacob made the mess of porridge he sold so dear to his brother Esau.

It is difficult to ascertain how man first learnt to forge metal. I have never been able to ascertain how the first pair of pincers and the first hammer were fabricated.

Cookery made a great step in advance as soon as vessels of metal or of clay could be fabricated to resist the action of fire. It became easy to season meat, to boil vegetables; soup, gravy, jelly, became the natural results consequent thereon.

The most ancient writers speak of the banquets of the kings of the East. It is easily imagined that monarchs reigning over lands rich in every produce, especially in perfumes and spices, should maintain a sumptuous table; but details are wanting. We only know that Cadmus, who introduced the art of writ-

ing into Greece, was formerly cook to the king of Sidon.

It was amongst these voluptuous and sensual rulers that was first introduced the custom of lying on beds round the dinner-table, and of eating in a recumbent posture.

This refinement was not universally well received. The more warlike nations, who prized manly courage and looked upon frugality as a virtue, rejected it for a long time; but it was finally adopted at Athens and in the civilized world.

The Athenians, men of elegant taste and eager for novelty, soon became adepts in the art of cookery. Kings, poets, financiers, littérateurs, made most of the bountiful gifts of nature.

If we are to credit ancient writers, their banquets were great festivals. Fish and game were always to be had, though the demand made prices run high. Reclining on couches covered with purple, every art was brought into requisition to satisfy the senses. The good cheer was heightened by agreeable converse, and dining became a science. After the third course singers were introduced, and conversation relaxed. The songs were not exclusively devoted to the gods and heroes; more tender subjects were introduced; love and friendship were sung with a harmony to which our dry and severe language can never attain. The wines of Greece, which we still esteem as excellent, had been examined and classified by the gourmets of the day, from the sweetest to the strongest. At some banquets each wine was passed in suc-

cession, and, contrary to modern taste, the size of the glasses increased in proportion to the quality of the wine poured out.

Beautiful women added a charm to these voluptuous meetings. Dances and games enlivened the evening. Attractions attacked every sense; many a disciple of Plato left under the banner of Epicurus.

Learned men devoted their pen to describe these enjoyments. Most of their writings are lost, but one is most to be regretted—a book on gastronomy by Achestrades, a friend of one of the sons of Pericles.

"That great writer (says Théotimus) travelled by land and sea to discover where what was most delicate for the table was produced. In his travels he did not attempt to change the customs of the people, because he knew it would be labour lost, but he entered their kitchens, and only visited men devoted to pleasure. His poem is a gem of science, and every line a precept."

Such was the state of cookery in Greece, which was maintained until a handful of men who had settled on the banks of the Tiber spread their dominion first over their neighbours, and finally conquered the world.

Good cheer was unknown or discarded by the Romans as long as they had to fight for their independence or to conquer their neighbours, poor and hardy like themselves. Their generals did not disdain to put their hand to the plough or to dine off vegetables.

Historians are not wanting who have praised those

primitive times when frugality was deemed a virtue. But when their conquests extended to Africa, to Sicily, to Greece,—when they had regaled themselves at the expense of the vanquished, in lands where civilization was more advanced,—they translated to Rome what had pleased them in foreign parts, and there is every reason to believe that the new introductions were well received.

The Romans had sent a deputation to Athens to bring back the laws of Solon. They went again to study literature and philosophy. Whilst polishing their manners, they became acquainted with the pleasures of the table; and with orators, philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets—cooks arrived at Rome.

In time, when Rome became the centre of the riches of the world, the luxury of the table was carried to a degree almost incredible. From the locust to the ostrich, from the dormouse to the wild boar, every thing was tasted. "Glires isicio porcino, item pulpis ex omni glirium membro tritis, cum pipere, nuclæis, lasere, liquamine, farcies glires, et sutos in tegulâ positos, mittes in furnum, aut farsos in clibaro coques."

The dormouse was esteemed as a delicacy. Sometimes scales were placed on the table to verify its weight. Martial wrote an epigram on the subject:

> Tota mihi dormitur hyems, et pinguior illo
> Tempore sum, quo me nil nisi somnus alit.

The whole world was placed under contribution by armies and travellers. Truffles and guinea-fowls

were imported from Africa, rabbits from Spain, pheasants from Greece, and peacocks from the remotest parts of Asia.

The opulent Romans vied with each other in the glory of having beautiful gardens, where they cultivated not only the fruits formerly known, as apples, pears, figs, and grapes, but fruits introduced from foreign lands, as the apricot from Armenia, the peach from Persia, the quince from Sidon, strawberries from the valleys of Mount Ida, and the cherry, the conquest of Lucullus in Pontus. These importations, which necessarily took place under various circumstances, prove, at least, that the impulse was general, and that every man had it at heart to contribute to the enjoyments of the people-king.

Fish was an especial object of luxury. Preferences were established for certain sorts; and those preferences increased for fish caught in certain waters. Fish from distant lands was brought to Rome in pots of honey; and when the specimens were of unusual dimensions, they fetched enormous prices, in consequence of the competition of individuals, many of whom were richer than kings.

Nor was less care bestowed on beverages. The wines of Greece, of Sicily, of Italy, were the delight of the Romans; and, as their price varied either according to the vineyard or the year of vintage, a sort of certificate of birth was engraven on each amphora.

O nata mecum consule Manlio. (*Hor.*)

This was not all. In consequence of this instinct

of improvement already alluded to, attempts were made to render the wine more perfumed and delectable by the infusion of fruits, flowers, and spices (cups); and the preparations which writers of the period have transmitted to us under the name of *condita* must have been hot to the mouth and have irritated the stomach.

Thus, already, at that distant period, the Romans dreamt of alcohol, which was not discovered till nearly fifteen centuries later.

But it was chiefly in the accessories of the repasts that this gigantic luxury was carried to an extreme.

All the furniture requisite for the banquet was of costly material or exquisite workmanship. The number of courses was gradually increased till it exceeded twenty; and after each course every thing which had served for the previous course was removed, and fresh supplied.

Slaves were specially appointed to each convivial function, and those functions were most minutely defined. The most delicious perfumes embalmed the banquet-hall. A master of the ceremonies announced the merit of the dishes most worthy of special attention—the claims they possessed to this sort of ovation; finally, nothing was omitted of a nature to sharpen the appetite, keep alive the attention, and prolong enjoyment.

This luxury had also its follies and absurdities. Such were those banquets where the fishes and birds served counted by thousands, and those dishes which had no other merit than that of having cost an enor-

mous price, such as that dish which consisted of the brains of 500 ostriches, and that other of the tongues of 5,000 birds, all of which had been taught to speak.

After the above the enormous sums spent by Lucullus at his banquets, and the cost of the feasts he gave in the hall of Apollo, will be readily understood. At these feasts the etiquette was to exhaust every known means to flatter the sensuality of the guests.

Those glorious days might be revived at our own time, but we want a Lucullus. Let us suppose some man known to be enormously rich, desirous of celebrating a great political or financial event, and of giving on the occasion a memorable festival without regard to expense.

Let us suppose that he engages the service of every art to adorn the place of the festival in every detail; that he gives orders that recourse be had to every means to procure the rarest provisions and the noblest wines of the most famed cellars;

That he has a troupe of the first actors of the day to perform for the amusement of his guests;

That the banquet be enlivened by vocal and instrumental music, performed by the first artists of the day;

That, as an *entr'acte*, between dinner and coffee, a ballet performed by the best and prettiest dancers shall enliven his guests;

That the evening shall close with a ball, at which two hundred women, selected amongst the most beautiful, and four hundred elegant dancers shall attend;

That the buffet be provided with the most excellent hot and cold beverages, fresh and iced;

That at midnight a wisely selected collation shall imbue new life into all;

That the servants be handsome and well-dressed, the illumination perfect, and, moreover, that the Amphitryon should have arranged for every guest to be sent for and conveyed home without discomfort;—the bill on the following day might startle even the cashier of Lucullus, as will be readily admitted by all who are well acquainted with Paris.

What was first done by the Athenians, afterwards by the Romans, and at a later period in the middle ages by ourselves, and at a still more recent period, is to be attributed to the nature of man, who impatiently strives to exhaust the career upon which he has entered, and to a sort of anxiety which torments him as long as the sum total of life he has at his disposal is not filled up.

Like the Athenians, the Romans ate in a reclining position, but they only adopted it by degrees. They first made use of couches for repasts offered to the gods; the high dignitaries of the state and men in power then adopted the habit; it soon became general, and was maintained until near the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era.

These couches, which were at first little more than stuffed seats of skins and straw, soon partook of the luxury appertaining to these feasts. The most costly wood was used, inlaid with gold and ivory, and often with precious stones; the cushions were of the softest down, and the richest stuffs covered them.

At dinner you reclined on your left side, leaning on your elbow; and generally the same couch held three persons.

Was this mode of dining, called by the Romans *lecti-sternium*, more comfortable or pleasant than that which we have adopted, or rather resumed? We do not think so.

Physically considered, the recumbent posture exacts a certain exertion to keep an equilibrium, and the weight of the body on the arm causes a certain amount of discomfort.

There is also something to be said in a physiological point of view; the food is not swallowed so easily, and the position of the body is not so favourable to digestion.

As regards drinking, it is still more inconvenient, and it required some skill not to spill the wine from the large cups which were in use at great houses, and it was doubtless at the time of the *lecti-sternium* that the proverb arose:

There is many a slip from the cup to the lip.

Nor was it particularly clean to eat in such lying posture. The beard was worn long, and as forks were not used, but the fingers, or at most a knife, to convey the food to the mouth, it made it still more difficult. Forks are comparatively a modern invention; none were found in the ruins of Herculaneum, though spoons were found in considerable number.

It may also be presumed that a couch holding three persons, at times of both sexes, when intemperance was not unusual, did not lead to an improvement of

morals, and it was not unusual for some of the guests to fall asleep—

> Nam pransus jaceo, et satur supinus
> Pertundo, tunicamque, palliumque.

As soon as Christianity established itself from the persecutions it had to suffer, its ministers raised their voice against the excesses of intemperance. They declaimed against the length of the repasts, and denounced all voluptuous indulgences. Devoted by free choice to an austere life, they placed gluttony in the list of capital sins, and the reclining posture at dinner was protested against as one of the sources of immorality and intemperance.

Their threatening voice was hearkened to: couches gradually disappeared from the banquet-room; the sitting posture was resumed, and, by rare good fortune, this posture which morality has ordained is not detrimental to pleasure.

At the period of which we write convivial poetry underwent a change, and the verse of Horace, Tibullus, and other poets of the day, breathed a voluptuousness unknown to the Greek muse:

> Dulce ridentem Lalagem amabo
> Dulce loquentem. (*Horace.*)
>
> Quæris quot mihi basiationes
> Tuæ, Lesbia, sint satis superque. (*Catullus.*)
>
> Pande, puella, pande capillulos
> Flavos, lucentes, ut aurum nitidum.
>
> Pande, puella, collum candidum
> Productum benè candidis humeris. (*Gallus.*)

The five or six centuries we have thus briefly reviewed were the great days of cookery, as well as for those who knew how to enjoy good living. But the invasion of barbarians from the north completely upset the art, and those glorious days of feasting were followed by a long and terrible obscurity.

As the barbarians gained ground the culinary art disappeared with the other sciences of which it is the companion and the consoler. All the good cooks were massacred in the kitchens of their noble masters. Some fled sooner than serve men who could not appreciate their dishes. Some offered their services, but finding that these brutes had no palate for good cheer, died of grief or committed suicide. Huge roasts of beef and venison, buckets of strong drink, were quaffed by the new comers, and, as every man bore weapons, blood was often shed at their banquets.

However, the very nature of things could not allow this to last. The victors became acquainted with the vanquished and ceased to be cruel; they gradually became more civilized, and learnt to eat like gentlemen. Their dinners became more respectable. Men were asked not to stuff themselves but to enjoy their food; the guests discovered that the host took some pains to entertain them; they felt a pleasant contentment, and their better feelings expanded.

This improvement took place about the fifth century of our era, but a more marked improvement took place under Charlemagne; and history informs us that that great monarch took a personal interest that his domains should be well stored with game best suited to the table.

Under Charlemagne dinners assumed a gallant and chivalrous aspect. Fair ladies embellished his court; they awarded prizes to the brave; the pheasant was served up with his golden claws, and the peacock with his magnificent tail was brought in and placed on the table of princes by pages in rich liveries of gold, and by gentle virgins whose innocence heightened their charms.

This is the third time, be it observed, that women —the greatest ornament of society—excluded from public by the Greeks, Romans, and Franks, were admitted to table. The Turks alone have resisted the appeal. But that unsociable race cannot last, and the emancipation of sultanas is simply a question of time.

The impetus once given it has lasted down to the present day, increasing from generation to generation.

Women, even of the highest rank, did not think it beneath their dignity to oversee their kitchens, and the duties of hospitality became as sacred as they were in France at the end of the seventeenth century.

Under their pretty fingers some of the dishes assumed fantastic appearances. The eel was served up in the form of a serpent, the hare with the ears of a cat. Spices brought by the Venetians from the East and perfumed waters from Arabia were in great resort. It was not unusual to boil fish in rose-water. The luxury of the table consisted, in a great measure, in abundance. This was carried to such an extreme that kings found it necessary to enact laws to curtail the expense of the sumptuous banquets given; laws which

were of course laughed at and ridiculed, as they were in Greece and Rome. They, however, remain as historical documents.*

Good living was kept up in monasteries and convents, especially where there were rich abbots, as from their mask of sanctity they were less exposed to interference.

Science advanced. The Crusaders brought garlic from Ascalon. Parsley was imported from Italy, and long before the reign of Louis XIV. pork and sausage mongers made fortunes. Pastrycooks also did a good business. They had a guild of their own as far back as Charles IX., and were no contemptible body.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch introduced coffee into Europe. Soliman Aga, that powerful Turk of whom our great-great-grandfathers were never tired of speaking, mixed the first cups for them in 1660.† An Armenian sold coffee

* It may not be out of place to mention here that at Venice the luxury displayed by the nobles in their gondolas caused an order to be issued by the "Council of Ten," prohibiting all display. Some of the gondolas were studded with jewels, the oars gilt, and the money spent threatened to ruin the republic. The Council of Ten was not to be trifled with. At the present day the gondolas at Venice resemble coffins or water-hearses.

† Amongst the Europeans the Dutch were the first who imported samples of the coffee-plant from Asia to Batavia, from whence they brought it to Europe. M. de Reissont, Lieutenant-General of Artillery, had a plant sent to Amsterdam, and made it a present to the Jardin du Roi; it is the first seen at Paris. This tree, which is described by M. Jussieu, had one inch diameter in 1613, and was five feet high; the fruit was pretty, something resembling a cherry.

publicly at the fair of St. Germain in 1670; and the Rue St. André-aux-Arts opened the first coffee-shop, with marble tables and mirrors, much in the same style as the cafés of the present day.

It was about the same time that sugar was introduced;* and Scarron, when he complains that his sister had from stinginess caused the holes of his sugar-box to be made smaller, informs us at least that such an article of furniture was in use at his day.

Again, it was in the seventeenth century that brandy commenced to be of common use. Distillation, the first idea of which was brought to Europe by the Crusaders, had hitherto remained a secret to all except a few adepts. Toward the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. stills became common; but it was not till the reign of Louis XV. that brandy became a popular beverage.

Tobacco also became of ordinary use nearly at the same time; so that sugar, coffee, brandy, and tobacco, those four important articles to commerce and the exchequer, date scarcely two centuries back.

The century of Louis XIV. commenced under these auspices, and in his brilliant reign the science of banquets obeyed that progressive impulse which made all other sciences advance.

The memory of the festivities which attracted all Europe, and those tournaments where for the last

* Whatever Lucretius may have written to the contrary, sugar was unknown to the ancients. Sugar is an artificial production, and without crystallization the cane would give a liquid insipid and of little use.

time lances were broken, now replaced by the bayonet, and those chivalrous suits of armour but a feeble defence against modern artillery, is still extant.

All those festivals terminated with sumptuous banquets, which crowned the whole; for man is so constituted that he is never happy unless his taste is gratified; and this imperious want has subjugated even grammar, for if we wish to say a thing has been done with perfection, we say it has been done with taste.

As a necessary consequence, the men who presided over the preparations of those festivities became men of note, and deservedly so; for it was requisite they should combine many qualities; the genius of invention, the tact of arrangement, the judgment of disposal, the sagacity to distinguish, a strong will to enforce obedience, and punctuality so as not to keep men waiting.

It was on these great occasions that the magnificence of "plate" was introduced. Painting and sculpture played their part, the table offered a pleasing aspect to the eye; and often the site selected was appropriate to the event, or to the hero of the *fête*.

Here all the art and skill of the cook was set forth; but soon small dinner parties of fewer guests, and more recherché wants, exacted greater care and more minute attention.

It was at the "*petit couvert*," in the *Salon des Favorites*, and at the delicate suppers of courtiers and financiers, that artists displayed their skill, and, animated by a praiseworthy emulation, endeavoured to surpass each other.

Toward the end of this reign, the names of the most famous cooks were nearly always annexed to those of their patrons: the latter were vain of their cooks; the merits of both became united; and the most glorious names of history are to be found in cookery-books, by the side of the dishes they patronized, invented, or made the fashion.

This amalgamation no longer exists. We are not less gourmands than our ancestors; on the contrary; but we care much less about the name of the man who presides in the lower regions of the kitchen. Approval, by a gentle inclination of the left ear, is the only tribute of admiration which we grant to the artist that delights us; and *restaurateurs*, who are the cooks of the public, alone obtain a nominal esteem, which promptly places them in the rank of great capitalists. *Utile dulci.*

It was Louis XIV. who had the Épine d'Été—*la bonne poire* —as he called it, brought from the East; and it is to his old age that we are indebted for *liqueurs.*

This Prince had occasional fits of weakness, and that difficulty to live which so often manifests itself after sixty. Brandy, mixed with sugar and perfumes, was administered to him in potions he called "Cordial portions." This was the origin of liqueurs.

It may be observed, that about this same period the culinary art flourished at the Court of England. Queen Anne was fond of good cheer. She did not think it beneath her dignity to converse with her cook; and English cookery-books contain many dishes "after Queen Anne's fashion."

The culinary science, which remained stationary during the sway of Madame de Maintenon, rose under the Regency.

The Duke of Orleans, a *spirituel* prince, worthy of friendship, invited his friends to repasts as delicate as they were well selected. From the most authentic sources we learn that the most delicate *piqués*, *matelotes* as tasty as on the river's banks, and turkeys gloriously truffled, were the favourites.

Truffled turkeys!!! the reputation and price of which is always on the increase! Brilliant planets, whose appearance made the eyes glisten and the lips smack of gourmands of every grade.

The reign of Louis XV. was not less favourable to the alimentary art. Eighteen years of peace soon healed the wounds of sixty years' war; riches, the fruit of industry, spread by trade, in a great measure equalized fortunes; and a spirit of conviviality spread through all branches of society.

It was at this period that more order, neatness, elegance, and those various refinements were introduced, which have always gradually been increasing, and threaten at times to become ridiculous.

According to correct information which I have gathered in various provinces, a dinner of ten persons, in 1740, was as follows:—

First Course.

Soup.
Boiled beef (*bouilli*).
Entrée de veau cuit dans son jus.
A side dish.

Second Course.

A turkey.
A dish of vegetables.
A salad.
A cream (sometimes).

Dessert.

Cheese.
Fruit.
Sweets.

Plates were only changed thrice: viz., after the soup, at the second course, and at dessert.

Coffee was rarely given, but cherry brandy generally.

Bachelors and *courtisanes* kept good cooks in this reign, and did much for the art.

It is easy enough to give a large banquet to a crowd of hungry men. Beef, game, fish, poultry can be cooked wholesale and satisfy their cravings. But it is a very difficult thing to gratify mouths that only nibble, to satisfy a delicate woman's palate, to create a feeling in a *papier maché* stomach, and to excite an appetite which flickers in the socket. It requires genius, discernment, and great labour to solve one of the most difficult problems of the geometry of the indefinite.

We now come to the days of Louis XVI. and the Revolution. We shall not dwell upon changes which many of us have witnessed, but shall confine ourselves to point out generally the various improvements introduced at banquets since 1774.

Those improvements belong in some measure to

the natural department of the art and to the customs and social usages connected therewith; and although these two orders of things continually react upon each other, we think it as well to take each separately.

Every trade connected with the sale or preparation of food, as cooks, *traiteurs*, pastrycooks, confectioners, eating-houses, &c., has increased in an ever increasing ratio. And this proves that the demand is equal to the supply.

Physics and chemistry have been called in to the aid of the alimentary art. The most learned men have not thought it beneath them to devote their attention to our primary wants, and have introduced improvements from the simple stew to the most recherché dishes which are only served up in gold or crystal. New branches of trade have arisen—biscuit bakers, for instance, who hold a middle path between pastrycooks and confectioners. Their domain comprises butter mixed with sugar and eggs, as biscuits, buns, méringues, &c.

The art of preserving food has also become a distinct branch, the object of which is to offer us at every time of the year the various delicacies of every season.

Horticulture has made immense progress; hothouses provide us with fruits of the tropics; amongst others, the cultivation of melons is a great gain to the table.

Wines are better selected. We begin with Madeira, drink Bordeaux between the courses, and finish with port and sherry.

Caviar, soy, and other sauces are improvements meriting mention.

Coffee has become popular. It is very good for breakfast; and after dinner is exhilarating, as well as a tonic.

The word "gastronomy" is now universally adopted, and this Greek word brings a glow of pleasure to every face. Voracity is obsolete, and your real dining-man now takes his place by the side of other artists.

Déjeuners à la fourchette are pretty repasts; they are elegant and pleasant, and a certain freedom of toilette adds to their charm.

Tea-parties are an absurdity. What does a man care for a cup of tea who has had his dinner and coffee? He is neither hungry nor thirsty. It is an excuse for receiving guests.

Political dinners have an object. They ought to be the very best in materials. They leave an impression, and "answer" at times.

The institution of "restaurateur" deserves a separate chapter.

A man with a few pounds in his pocket may now dine like a king.

CHAPTER III.

DINING-HOUSES, OR RESTAURATEURS.

About the year 1770, after the glorious days of the reign of Louis XIV., the *roueries* of the Regency and the long tranquillity of the ministry of Cardinal Fleury, travellers arriving at Paris had but few places where they could get a good dinner. They had to put up at hotels, generally bad. A few had tables-d'hôte, which, however, only just offered what was necessary for a meal, and moreover were at *fixed* hours.

There were a few "*traiteurs*," but they had usually nothing but joints; and a man who wished to give a dinner to his friends, was obliged to order it beforehand; so that men who had not the good luck to have an introduction into opulent houses, had to leave the capital without becoming acquainted with the resources and delicacies of a Parisian kitchen.

At last a man of intellect was found who took the subject into consideration; he argued that, as the same wants occurred at about the same hour every day, men

would not fail to come if they found they were readily and well served; that if one man had a wing of chicken, the next comer would take the leg, and so on; that a slice from a prime joint would not spoil the remainder, and that a man who found he got a good dinner would not grumble at a little expense, if promptly served, and well waited upon; and that a *carte*, with fixed prices for every dish, would be suitable to all fortunes. This man did not stop short here, but developed his idea still further. He was the first *restaurateur*, and created a profession which leads to fortune whenever the professor is honest, and combines order with skill.

From France, restaurateurs soon spread to the rest of Europe. The institution is one of extreme advantage to every citizen, and of high importance to science.

A man can now dine at any hour he pleases, according to his appetite and his means. He needs not dread his bill, as he knows beforehand the price of each dish which he orders.

Having consulted his purse, the diner may make an excellent dinner, heavy, or light, or tasty, as he feels inclined; he may wash it down with the generous wines of France or Spain, crown it with aromatic mocha and perfumed liqueurs, with no other restrictions than the capacity of his stomach. The salon of a restaurateur is the Eden of gourmands.

It is also very convenient for travellers, strangers, or for those whose families are out of town, who have no cook of their own.

Before the period of which we speak (1770), men

of fortune or in power enjoyed, almost exclusively, two great privileges; they travelled fast and always had good cheer.

The first privilege has been done away by railways, and the institution of restaurateurs has destroyed the second; thanks to them, good living has become universal.

Any man with fifteen francs or a pound in his pocket, who takes his seat at a table at one of the first restaurateurs, will have a better and more comfortable dinner than if he dined at the table of a prince; his dishes are as well cooked, and he is not bothered by any personal considerations.

The salon of a restaurateur, examined a little in detail, offers to the scrutinizing eye of the philosopher a picture worthy to excite an interest on account of the various phases it presents. One end is occupied by the usual crowd of daily diners, who order in a loud voice, wait impatiently, eat hastily, pay, and go. Some travelling families may be seen who, content with a frugal repast, nevertheless generally have some dish which is new to them, which gives a zest to their dinner, and seem always to enjoy the novelty of the scene.

Next to them a Parisian couple may be seen, easily recognizable by the bonnet and shawl hung up above them. It is quite clear they have had nothing to say to each other for a long time; they have made up their mind to go to one of the minor theatres, and a man might bet any sum that one of them will go to sleep there.

Not far from them, behold a pair of lovers; the eager politeness of the one, and sly coquetry of the other, and the *gourmandise* of both betrays them. Their eyes sparkle with pleasure; and by the selection of their dishes, the present serves to pourtray the past, and predicts the future.

In the centre there is a table, where the same men generally dine daily, at a fixed price to suit them. They know all the waiters by name, who familiarly tell them of any good dish on the table; they are like so many tame ducks put there as decoys to catch the wild ones.

Individuals are always to be seen there who are known to every one by sight, but whose name nobody knows. They seem perfectly at home, and often try to enter into conversation with their neighbours. They belong to a genus which exists only at Paris, and who, without property, capital, or profession, nevertheless spend a great deal of money.

Scattered about are strangers, chiefly Englishmen. These latter cram themselves with double portions, ask for all the dearest dishes, wash them down with strong wine, and do not always leave particularly steady on the legs. This picture may be daily witnessed; it may excite curiosity, perhaps even offend morality.

Doubtless the display of delicacies may induce many to exceed their means. Some delicate stomachs may experience indigestion, and Venus may make a few victims. But the dark side, as regards social life, is that there can be no doubt that dining alone leads

to selfishness. A man gradually thinks of no one but himself, cares for none else; nor does he wish to be cared about; and a very little discernment is necessary, at a dinner party, to point out the men who usually dine at a restaurateur's.

We said that the institution of restaurateurs was of high importance to science.

In fact, as soon as experience proved that a single well-made ragoût sufficed to make the fortune of an inventor, interest, that powerful agent, fired the imagination, and sharpened the wits of the purveyors.

Analysis discovered esculent properties in substances formerly discarded as useless; new articles of food were discovered; ancient ones were improved, and both were combined in a variety of ways. Foreign inventions were imported; the universe was placed under contribution; and we have seen dinners which might have provided the material for a whole course of alimentary geography.

There are a few names deserving of historical mention as restaurateurs; Beauvilliers, Méot, Robert, Rose, Legacque, Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine. Some of them owe their reputation to peculiar dishes. The *Frères Provençaux* made a fortune on codfish with garlic;* Véry was strong in truffles; Robert, with

* This dish would scarcely have pleased Horace. Vide Ode to Mæcenas:

"Parentis olim si quis impia manu
Senile guttur fregerit;
Edit cicutis allium nocentius."

Epodon, L. c. III.

due notice, would serve up a first-rate dinner; Baleine had the best fish in Paris; Henneveu had mysterious private rooms on the fourth story. But of all these heroes of gastronomy, Beauvilliers, who died in 1820, is most deserving of mention.

Beauvilliers commenced business in 1782. He was the first who had a decent dining house. In 1814 and 1815, when Paris was occupied by the allies, carriages of every description might be seen waiting at his door. He was personally acquainted with all the foreign ambassadors, and spoke to them all in their own tongue.

Beauvilliers published, shortly before his death, a work in two volumes octavo, entitled "The Culinary Art." That book is the fruit of long experience, and is still consulted as a valuable work. Until then the culinary art had never been treated with so much precision and method. It has gone through many editions, and has been the groundwork of many others, but none have ever surpassed it.

Beauvilliers was gifted with a prodigious memory; after an absence of twenty years he would recognize and welcome men who had dined perhaps only once or twice in his house. At times he had a custom peculiar to himself. When he knew that a company of rich men were dining together in his salon, he would present himself, pay his respects to them, point out the best dishes to them, tell them which dish ought to be eaten first, &c. He would then send up some dish unknown to them, and a bottle of wine from his own private cellar, of which he alone kept the key. All

this was done with so much courtesy that it appeared that these little extras were gratuitous. But this part of the Amphitryon was only momentary; he soon vanished, and the addition to the bill and bitterness of the "quart d'heure" of Rabelais sufficiently convinced the guests that they had been dining at a restaurateur's.

Beauvilliers made, spent, and remade his fortune more than once. Whether he died rich or poor is not known, but he had so many calls upon him it is not likely he left a large inheritance.

The examination of the *carte* at a first-rate restaurateur's will show that the man who enters to dine has the choice for his dinner of at least—

12 soups,	12 of pastry,
24 hors d'œuvre,	24 of fish,
15 or 20 entrées of beef,	15 roasts,
20 entrées of mutton,	50 entremets,
30 entrées of game or fowl,	50 of dessert.
16 or 20 of veal,	

Moreover, the happy gastronome may wash it down with a selection from thirty wines, from Burgundy to Tokai; he can select from some twenty different sorts of perfumed liqueurs, without mentioning coffee, punch, and other mixtures.

A good dinner at Paris is a cosmopolitan wonder. France provides fowls and fruits, and each country of the world gives an idea or an article. Beefsteaks à l'Anglaise, sauer-kraut from Germany, wild boar from the Black Forest, an olla-podrida from Spain, garbanços and dried raisins from Malaga, hams au poivre de

Xerica, and liqueurs; from Italy, macaroni, parmesan, Bolognese sausages, polenta, ices, liqueurs; from Russia, smoked eels and caviar; dried herrings, curacoa, and anisette, from Holland; rice, sago, karisk, soy, wine of Schiraz, and coffee, from Asia; Cape wine from Africa; ananas, sugar, and other eatables, from America.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SENSES.

THE SENSES are the organs by which man is brought into contact with external objects.

SIGHT, which embraces space, and informs us, through the medium of light, of the existence and of the colour of the bodies which surround us.

HEARING, which receives, through the intermedium of the air, the vibration caused by noisy or sonorous bodies.

SMELL, by the means of which we appreciate the odour of bodies that possess it.

TASTE, by which we appreciate every thing sapid or esculent.

TOUCH, the object of which is the consistency and surface of bodies.

If we may be allowed to carry back our imagination to the first moments of the existence of the human species, we may also be allowed to fancy that the first sensations were purely direct, that is to say that man saw without precision, heard confusedly, smelt without

discernment, eat without savour, and was in fact little better than a brute in all his enjoyments.

But as all these sensations have the soul as a common centre—the especial distinction of the human species—and the ever active cause of a striving toward perfection, they became modified, swayed by judgment and comparison, and soon all the senses came to the aid of each other for the benefit of the sensitive being or individual.

Thus the sense of touch rectified the errors of sight; sound, by means of articulated words, became the interpreter of every sentiment; taste became benefited by sight and smell; hearing compared sounds and appreciated distances.

The torrent of centuries rolling over the human race has incessantly engendered new perfections, the cause of which, though almost invisible, is to be found in the play of the senses, which, in rotation, exact agreeable employment.

Thus sight gave rise to painting, sculpture, and all sorts of displays.

Sound gave birth to melody, to harmony, to dance, and music, and all their branches.

Smell to the discovery and cultivation of perfumes.

Taste to the production, selection, and preparation of every species of food.

Touch gave birth to every branch of industry.

A man who has dined at a sumptuous table, in a hall resplendent with mirrors, pictures, statuary, flowers, delicate perfumes, adorned with beautiful women,

and enlivened by the sound of soft music, will not need much mental effort to be convinced that all the sciences have been placed under contribution to heighten and crown the enjoyments of taste.

Taste is that one of our senses which brings us in contact with sapid substances, through the medium of the sensation they produce upon the organ destined to appreciate them.

Taste is aroused by appetite, hunger, and thirst; it is the basis of many operations, the result of which is that the individual grows, develops, lives, and repairs the losses caused by vital evaporations.

All organized bodies are not nourished in the same manner: the Author of creation, as diverse in his methods as He is sure in their effect, has assigned to them various means of preservation.

Vegetables, which must be placed at the bottom of the scale of living things, draw their nourishment through roots which, implanted in the soil, select, by the action of a peculiar mechanism, the various substances which are proper for their growth and preservation.

If we go a step higher, we find bodies possessing animal life but deprived of locomotion; they are born in a centre which favours their existence, and especial organs enable them to extract from around them whatever is necessary to sustain that length and portion of vitality granted to them: they do not seek their food, their food comes to them.

Another method was ordained for the preservation of the animals of the earth, of which man is incontest-

ably the most perfect. A peculiar instinct advises him to get food; he looks around him, he seizes upon the objects in which he fancies there is property to satisfy his wants; he eats, feels restored, and thus fulfils the career pointed out for him.

Taste appears to have two principal functions:

1. It invites us by pleasure to repair the continual losses we incur by the action of life.

2. It aids us to select amongst the various substances which nature offers us those most suitable for food.

In this selection, taste is powerfully aided by smell, as we shall see further on; for it may be asserted as a general maxim that nutritious substances are not repulsive either to taste or smell.

The number of flavours is infinite, for every substance capable of solution has a peculiar flavour of its own.

The sense of smell has a great influence on taste. I am inclined to believe that taste and smell are one and the same sense, the laboratory of which is the mouth, and the nose the chimney. The nose is a sentinel, and is always on the alert to cry, *Who's there?*

Take away the sense of smell, and that of taste goes with it.

This principle once put, I maintain that there are three distinst orders of taste: viz., direct sensation; complete sensation; and the sensation of judgment.

Direct sensation is the first impression from the contact of the food with the organs of the mouth whilst on the point of the tongue.

Complete sensation consists of the first sensation and the impression arising from it when the morsel of food leaves the first position, passes to the back of the mouth, and strikes the whole organ with its taste and perfume.

Finally, the sensation of judgment is that of the mind, which reflects upon the impression transmitted by the organ.

Let us have an example:

The man who eats a peach is first agreeably struck by its fragrance; he puts a slice in his mouth, and experiences a sensation of freshness and acidity, which induces him to continue; but it is only at the moment he swallows that the real perfume of the peach is revealed: this is the complete sensation caused by a peach.

Finally, it is only when he has swallowed the morsel that he can exclaim, "That was delicious!"

The same may be said of a man who drinks a good glass of wine. As long as the wine is in his mouth he experiences an agreeable, but not a perfect impression. It is only when he has swallowed the liquid that he really can taste, appreciate, and discern the particular perfume of the wine; and then a few minutes must be allowed to the *gourmet* to give vent to his feelings by: "*Peste, c'est du Chambertin!*" or, "*Mon Dieu! c'est du Surêne!*"

This will suffice to prove that your real connoisseur *sips* his wine; at every sip he takes he has the sum total of the pleasure which another man enjoys when he swallows a whole glass.

Let us take an opposite example:

A doctor orders a man to take a black draught.

His nose, a faithful sentinel, warns him of the treacherous liquor he is about to imbibe. His eyes become globular, as at the approach of danger; disgust is on his lips; his stomach rises. He is encouraged by the doctor, he gargles his throat with brandy, pinches his nose, and drinks.

As long as the detestable beverage fills his mouth, the sensation is confused and supportable; but when the last drop disappears, the sickening flavours act, and the patient makes a grimace which the fear of death alone would warrant. If it is a glass of water, there is no taste; he drinks, swallows, and that is all.

Taste is not so richly endowed as hearing; the latter sense can compare divers sounds at the same time; taste, on the contrary, is simple in actuality, that is to say, it cannot be impressioned by two flavours at the same time.

But it may be double and even multiplied by succession; that is to say, in the same act of gutturation, a second and even a third sensation may be experienced, which gradually lessens, and which is designated as *arrière-goût*, perfume or fragrance; in the same manner as, when a key-note is struck, a practised ear discerns one or more sonances, the number of which has not yet been accurately ascertained.

Hasty and careless eaters do not discern the impressions in the second degree; they are the exclusive property of a small body of elect; and it is by their

means that they can classify, in order of excellence, the various substances submitted to their examination.

These fugitive *nuances* of flavour remain for some time on the palate; the professors assume, without being aware of it, an appropriate position, and it is always with an elongated neck and a twist of the nose that they pronounce their judgment.

Let us now take a philosophical glance at the pleasure or unpleasantness taste may occasion.

We first find the application of that, unhappily, too general truth, that man is more organized for suffering than for experiencing pleasure.

In fact, the injection of very bitter, acid, or tart substances may cause us the sensation of excruciating pain. It is even supposed that hydrocyanic acid only kills so rapidly because it causes such excruciating agony that the vital powers cannot support it.

Agreeable sensations, on the contrary, are on a limited scale; and though there is a marked difference between what is insipid and what is palatable, there is no great interval between what is admitted to be good and what is reputed excellent; for example: 1st term, hard-boiled beef; 2d term, a piece of veal; 3d term, a pheasant roasted to a turn.

Yet taste, such as nature has awarded it to us, is still that sense which, well considered, procures us the greatest degree of enjoyment.

1st. Because the pleasure of eating is the only one which, done in moderation, is not followed by fatigue.

2d. Because it is of all times, all ages, all conditions.

3d. Because it returns necessarily, at least once a

day, and may be repeated without inconvenience two or three times within the same period of time.

4th. Because it may be enjoyed with other enjoyments, and even console us for their absence.

5th. Because its impressions are more durable and more dependent on our will; and,

6th, and finally. Because in eating we experience a certain indescribable sensation of pleasure, by what we eat we repair the losses we have sustained, and prolong life.

This subject is more amply developed in that Chapter in which we discuss "*the pleasures of the table*," in the point of view of the present state of civilization.

We were brought up in the flattering belief that of all creatures that walk, swim, crawl, or fly, man was the one whose taste was most perfect.

This faith is threatened with being upset.

Dr. Gall, on what grounds I know not, pretends that there are animals whose organ of taste is much more developed and perfect than is that of man.

Such doctrine smacks of heresy.

Man, by divine right, king of all he surveys, for whose benefit the earth was covered and peopled, must necessarily be provided with an organ to place him in contact with all that is sapid amongst his subjects.

The tongue of animals is in proportion to their intelligence; in fishes it is simply a movable bone; in birds, generally speaking, a membraneous cartilage; in quadrupeds it is often covered with scales or points, and moreover has no circumflex movement.

The tongue of man, on the contrary, by the delicacy of its conformation and of the diverse membranes by which it is surrounded, or which are close to it, denotes the operations to which it is destined.

I have, moreover, discovered at least three movements unknown to animals, and which I call movements of *spication*, *rotation*, and *verrition*.*

The first takes place when the tongue leaves the lips which compress it: the second, when the tongue makes a circular movement round the space comprised between the interior of the cheeks and the palate; the third, when the tongue, turning over or under, picks up the atoms which may remain in the semicircular canal formed by the lips and gums.

Animals are limited in their tastes: some live exclusively upon vegetables; others only eat flesh; others feed upon grain; not one understands a combined flavour.

Man, on the contrary, is *omnivorous;* every thing eatable becomes a prey to his vast appetite; which at once implies digestive powers proportionate to the general use he puts them to. In fact, the machinery of taste in man is of rare perfection, and to be convinced of the fact let us see it act.

As soon as an esculent substance is introduced into the mouth it is confiscated, gas and juices, irretrievably.

The lips prevent its leaving; the teeth seize upon it and crush it; the saliva absorbs it; the tongue

* From the Latin verb *verro*, I sweep.

bruises it and turns it round; the breath forces it toward the gullet; the tongue again rises to make it slip down; the sense of smell enjoys it as it glides past, and it is precipitated into the stomach to undergo ulterior transformations without, during the whole of this operation, the slightest atom, particle, or drop being lost, which has not been submitted to the appreciating power.

And a consequence of this perfection is that *gourmandize* is the exclusive *apanage* of man.

This *gourmandize* is even contagious; and we transmit it promptly to the animals we have in our service, and which become, in a certain measure, our companions, as elephants, dogs, cats, and even parrots.

If some animals have a larger tongue than others, a more developed palate, a wider swallow, it is because that tongue, as a muscle, is meant to move heavier morsels, to press and swallow larger portions; but no logic can prove that the sense of taste is more perfect.

Moreover, as taste can only be esteemed by the nature of the sensation it procures to the common centre, the impression received by an animal cannot be compared to that received by a man; the latter impression, being more clear and more precise, naturally implies a superior quality in the organ which transmits it.

Finally, what greater refinement of taste can be desired, when a Roman *bon-vivant* could at once tell whether a fish had been caught above or below bridge? And, in our own days, a real good eater

discovers at once the superior flavour of the leg of the partridge upon which it has slept. And do we not know *gourmets* who can tell in what latitude a grape has ripened from the wine they sip, with as much preciseness as Arago would predict an eclipse?

And what results herefrom? Let us render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, proclaim man the great gourmand of nature, and not be astonished if Gall, like Homer, sometimes "sleeps."

Hitherto we have examined taste only in the light of its physical constitution, and we have kept to the level of science. But our task does not end here, for it is especially in the moral history of this repairing sense that its importance and its glory ought to be sought.

We have therefore arranged, according to analytical order, the theories and facts which constitute this history, that instruction may result without fatigue. Thus, in the chapters which follow, we shall endeavour to show how sensations from repetition and reflection have perfected the organ, and extended the sphere of its powers; how the want of eating, at first only an instinct, became a passion of influence which has assumed a marked ascendency over every thing else connected with society.

We will also point out how all branches of science, which have reference to the composition of substances, act in concert to place apart those which are appreciable to taste, and how travellers have worked toward the same end by submitting to our examination

substances which nature seemingly never meant to bring together.

We will follow chemistry from the moment it entered our subterraneous laboratories to enlighten our cooks, lay down principles, create methods, and reveal causes which have hitherto remained secret.

Finally, we shall see how by the combined power of time and experience a new science arose, which nourishes, restores, preserves, persuades, consoles, and, not satisfied with strewing flowers by handfuls along the path of man, contributes also powerfully to the strength and prosperity of empires.

If in the midst of these grave lucubrations a piquant anecdote, an amiable souvenir, some adventure of an agitated career, should drop from our pen, let it pass to give a zest to our readers' attention, whose number does not alarm us, and with whom we are always glad to chat; for if they are men, we feel convinced they are as indulgent as they are well informed; if they are ladies, they cannot be otherwise than charming.

CHAPTER V.

GASTRONOMY.—ORIGIN OF THE SCIENCES.

THE Sciences do not resemble Minerva, who issued forth armed *cap-à-pie* from the brain of Jupiter; they are the daughters of time, are formed invisibly, first by the collection of methods indicated by experience, and later by the discovery of principles deduced from the combination of those methods.

Thus, the first old men whose prudence made the invalid send for them, whose compassion induced them to bandage wounds, were also the first physicians.

The shepherds of Egypt, who observed that certain planets after a certain lapse of time reappeared on the same line of the horizon, were the first astronomers.

The man who first expressed in characters that very simple proposition, "*twice two make four*," created mathematics, that powerful science which has in reality placed man on the throne of the universe.

In the course of the last sixty years, various new sciences have taken a place in the system of our knowl-

edge; as stereotomy, descriptive geometry, electricity, and the chemistry of gas.

All these sciences, cultivated for an infinity of generations, will make still more certain progress, since the art of printing will prevent them from being lost. And who knows, for instance, whether the chemistry of gas may not some day succeed in dompting those elements hitherto so rebellious, of mixing them, combining them in proportions hitherto unattempted, of obtaining by such means substances and effects which would extend beyond measure the limits of our powers?

Gastronomy presented herself in her turn, and all her sisters received her with open arms.

And what could be refused to a science which nourishes us from our birth until our death; which increases the enjoyments of love, the pleasures of friendship; which disarms hatred, facilitates business, and offers us in the short passage of life the only enjoyment which, not being followed by fatigue, relieves us from all others?

Doubtless, when every thing was trusted to the hands of an ordinary cook, it remained in an imperfect state. But men of science finally took it up. They examined, analyzed, and classified the different alimentary substances, and reduced them to their simple elements.

They fathomed the mysteries of assimilation; and, following inert matter through all its changes, they discovered how to give it life. They watched a diet in its passing or permanent effects, daily, monthly,

for a whole life. They investigated its influence even on the mind, as regards the effect produced upon it by the senses, as well as its powers when the senses are dormant; and from all those labours they deduced a grand theory, which embraces the whole of mankind and every portion of creation capable of animal life.

Whilst these things were taking place in the cabinets of scientific men, in the dining-hall it was loudly maintained that the science which nourished man was at least as valuable as that which taught how to kill him; poets sang the pleasures of the table, and works on good cheer became more instructive and important.

These were the circumstances which preceded the advent of gastronomy.

Gastronomy is the maturer knowledge—the *rationale* of every thing which concerns man as regards his food.

Its object is the preservation of man by providing him with the best possible food.

It succeeds in doing so by guiding, by certain principles, all those who seek, provide, or prepare food.

In fact, it may be said that it is the motor of the agriculturist, the vine-grower, the sportsman, the fisherman, and the great family of cooks, under whatever name they may disguise their occupation, in the preparation or procurance of articles of food.

Gastronomy is connected—

With natural history, by the classification it makes of alimentary substances;

With physics, by the examination of their composition and quality;

With chemistry, by the different analyses and decompositions it subjects them to;

With cookery, by the art of preparing the dishes and making them agreeable to the taste;

With commerce, by seeking the cheapest and best market to buy in, and an advantageous one to sell in;

Finally, with political economy, by the returns it brings into the exchequer, and the means of exchange it provides to nations.

Gastronomy rules the whole life of man: the first cries of the new-born babe are for its nurse's breast; and a man on his death-bed swallows still with some pleasure the last potion, which, alas! he has not the power to digest.

Moreover, it is closely linked with every class of society: it presides at the banquet of a congress of kings, and also is present to calculate how many minutes are necessary to boil an egg to the proper turn.

The material subject of gastronomy is every thing that can be eaten; its direct object, the preservation of the individual; its means of execution, cultivation which produces, commerce which exchanges, industry which prepares, and experience which invents the means to turn every thing to the best account.

Gastronomy considers taste in its enjoyments as well as in its drawbacks; it has discovered the various degrees of pleasure it produces; it has regulated their action, and has fixed limits which no man of self-respect ought to outstep.

It considers also the action of food on the moral qualities of man, on his imagination, his mind, his judgment, his courage and perceptions, whether awake or asleep, whether moving or reposing.

It is gastronomy, again, which fixes the exact point when an article of food ought to be used, for all are not presentable under the same circumstances.

Some ought to be used before they have attained their full development, as capers, asparagus, sucking-pigs, pigeons, &c.; others, when they have attained full maturity, as melons, most fruits, mutton, beef, and all adult animals; others, when decomposition commences, as medlars, woodcocks, and especially the pheasant; others, again, when their disagreeable qualities have been removed, as the potato, tapioca, and others.

It is gastronomy, again, which classifies these substances according to their various qualities, and gives them their proper place at the dining-table. It devotes no less interest to beverages, classifying them according to date of vintage, clime, and locality. It teaches how to prepare and preserve them, but especially how to present them in an order so exactly calculated, that the enjoyment resulting therefrom always increases until pleasure ceases and abuse commences.

It is gastronomy which passes in review men and things, that it may convey from one country to another what is worthy of being known, and which makes a well-organized banquet an *abrégé* of the world, where each part has its representative.

The knowledge of gastronomy is necessary to all men, because it increases the amount of pleasure allotted to them. This increases in proportion to the wealth of society; it becomes indispensable to men who have large fortunes, give grand dinners, and sail in the wake of fashion.

They find this special advantage therein, that, on their part, there is something personal in the manner in which their table is served; they take an interest in, can superintend, and, to a certain degree, direct the men in whom they must necessarily place confidence.

The Prince de Soubise * had, one day, the intention of giving a *fête*; it was to terminate with a supper, and he asked to see his bill of fare.

His *maître-d'hôtel* waited upon him at his levee with the required document. The very first item which caught the Prince's eye was *fifty hams*!

"What! Bertrand," he exclaimed, "I think you are extravagant: fifty hams! Do you wish to sup my whole regiment?" "No, my Prince, only one ham will appear at supper; but the remainder are indispensable to me for my *espagnole*, my *blonds*, my trimmings, my...." "Bertrand, you are robbing me, and I will not allow that item." "Ah, Monseigneur," said the artiste, scarcely able to suppress his anger, "you do not know our capabilities! Say the word, and those fifty hams, which annoy you, I will put them all in a crystal flacon not bigger than the top of my thumb."

* Côtelettes à la Soubise are still a famous dish: a white sauce with the echo of onions. Very well cooked at the Garrick.

What reply could be made to so positive an assertion? The Prince smiled, nodded his head, and the item passed.

It is a matter of history, that, amongst tribes which are still of a primitive nature, no affair of importance is concluded without a feast; it is at banquets that savages decide upon war or make peace; and, without going further, all villagers conclude their bargains at the pot-house.

This did not escape the observation of those who have often to treat the most important affairs of state; they saw that your well-filled man was a different being than when fasting; that the dinner-table formed a sort of link between the host and the guest; that the latter was more open to receive impressions it was desirable to make, more ready to submit to certain influences. This gave rise to political gastronomy; dinners became a means of government, and the fate of nations is often decided at a dinner. This is neither paradoxical nor novel, but a simple matter of every-day observation. Open any historian, from Herodotus down to the present day, and, not even excepting conspiracies, it may be said that no great event ever occurred without having been conceived, prepared, and determined upon at a feast.

Such is the superficial glance at the domain of gastronomy, a domain fertile in results of every description, and which cannot but advance with the onward march of science; for in a few years gastronomy must have its academy, its lectures, its professors, its prizes.

First, some rich and zealous gastronome will invite his friends to his table at fixed periods to discuss, in conjunction with learned theoricians and artistes, some interesting point of alimentary science. Soon (and this is the history of all academies) government will intervene, regulate, protect, institute. Thrice happy the man whose name will figure as the founder of such an academy. His name will be handed down to all posterity with the names of Noah, Bacchus, Triptolemus, and other benefactors of man; he will be amongst ministers what Henry IV. is amongst kings, and his praise will be in every man's mouth without any law to compel it.

CHAPTER VI.

ON APPETITE.

MOVEMENT and life occasion in a living body a continual loss of substance; and the human body, that complicated machine, would soon be out of order if Providence had not given it a sentinel to warn it of the moment that its powers were no longer in equal balance with its wants.

That sentinel is *appetite*. The word implies the first impression of the desire to eat.

Appetite announces itself by a feeling of languor in the stomach and a slight sensation of fatigue. At the same time the mind becomes occupied with subjects analogous to its wants; memory recalls things which have pleased the taste; imagination brings them up vividly; it becomes a sort of dream. This state is not devoid of a certain charm, and we have heard many adepts exclaim, in the gladness of their hearts, "What a pleasure it is to have a good appetite, when one is certain of soon having an excellent dinner!"

Nevertheless the whole system gradually becomes aroused: the stomach becomes growlly; the gastric juices increase; the gases inside become active; the mouth fills with juices, and all the digestive powers are up in arms like soldiers, only awaiting the word of command to charge. A little longer and spasms would succeed, yawning—in short, hunger.

All these various shades may be observed in a drawing-room, where men are waiting for dinner.

They are so inherent in man's nature that the most refined politeness cannot subdue the symptoms. Whence I maintain as a maxim:—"PUNCTUALITY IS THE MOST INDISPENSABLE QUALITY IN A COOK."

I will support this grave maxim by relating a little experience I had myself at a dinner to which I was invited—

Quorum pars magna fui,

and where the pleasure of observation saved me from the pangs of misery.

I was invited one day to dine with a great public functionary. The hour mentioned was half-past five, and punctually to the minute all the guests had arrived; they all knew the host's punctuality, and that he always plucked a crow with late-comers.

I arrived a minute or so late, and was struck on entering at a certain appearance of consternation on the countenances of the guests. There were whisperings going on; some were staring through the window panes into the court-yard; some faces betrayed annoyance; it was quite clear something unusual had occurred. I approached one of the guests whom I

thought likely to enlighten me, and asked him what had happened.

"Alas!" he said, in a voice of deep affliction, "Monseigneur has just been summoned to a state cabinet council: he is just going, and God knows when he will be back!"

"Is that all?" I said, with a nonchalance which was far from real. "It is a little matter, which will be over in a quarter of an hour—some point they wish to be informed upon; they are aware he has an official dinner to-day, they will not keep us fasting." I spoke thus, but my heart sank within me, and I wished myself far away.

The first hour passed pretty well: men who knew each other sat down and chatted, the usual light topics of the day were discussed, and conjectures were made why our Amphitryon had been so suddenly called to the Tuileries.

As the clock struck the second hour, some signs of impatience were evinced; men looked at each other with an anxious expression of countenance, and faint murmurs came from the lips of two or three who, not having found places to sit, were tired of waiting and standing.

At the third hour discontent became general, and every one gave vent to his plaints. "When *will* he come back?" said one; "What the d—l is he doing?" exclaims another; "It is abominable!" shouts a third; and the question was raised more than once whether it would not be better to go.

At the fourth the symptoms became aggravated;

some stretched their arms, at the risk of putting out an eye of a neighbour; yawns echoed through the apartment; some faces began to assume a livid look; and when I hazarded the observation that he whose absence made us all so sad was most probably the most annoyed of us all, a deaf ear was turned to me.

Attention was for a moment aroused by one of the guests. Being on more intimate terms than the others, he had made a descent into the kitchens; he came back out of breath; he looked as if about to announce the end of the world, and exclaimed in a broken voice, subdued yet anxious to make itself heard, "Monseigneur left no orders, and no matter how long he stays away, dinner cannot be served till his return." He ceased, and his speech created an effect not easily described.

Of all these martyrs, poor kind-hearted D'Aigrefeuille was the most unhappy; his whole frame denoted suffering, and the anguish of Laocoon was on his face. Pale, wild-looking, almost blind, he let himself drop upon a sofa, crossed his fat little hands over his paunch, and shut his eyes, not to go to sleep, but to await death. It however did not come. About ten o'clock a carriage rolled into the courtyard; all rose by a spontaneous movement. Hilarity succeeded discontent, and in five minutes all were at table.

But the hour of appetite had passed. They seemed surprised they should commence dinner at so unusual an hour; the jaws did not display that isochrone movement which announces good work; and I learnt afterwards that some of the guests were ill after it.

In cases like the above the method to be adopted is this: not to commence eating at once, but first swallow a glass of *eau sucrée* or a cup of bouillon to console the stomach, and then wait ten or fifteen minutes, otherwise the organ, which has got out of order, feels oppressed by the weight of food forced upon it.

When we see in books of an early period the preparations which were made to dine two or three persons, and the enormous quantity served to one guest, we can scarcely help believing that men of past ages had greater appetites than ourselves.

That appetite was greater according to the rank of the personage was a common notion, and the dignitary who had half a five-year-old ox served before him, was doomed to quaff from a goblet he could scarcely lift.

Some individuals have been found in modern times who bear witness to the feats of the past; and there are examples of voracious appetites on record scarcely credible. I will spare my readers these often disgusting details, but will give two facts which I myself witnessed.

Some forty years since I paid a flying visit to the Curé of Bregnier, a man of large stature, and noted for his appetite. Though scarcely noon, I found him already at table. The soup and bouilli had been removed, and a gigot of mutton *à la royale*, a fine capon, and large bowl of salad were brought in.

He politely offered me a knife and fork, which I declined, and it was well I did so, for he very soon

polished off every thing, eating the mutton till nothing was left but the bone, picking the capon till it was a mere skeleton, and emptying the bowl of salad. A huge cheese was then put on the table, in which the worthy curé made an angular breach of ninety-nine degrees. He washed down the whole with a bottle of wine and a decanter of water, after which he reposed.

What pleased me was to observe that during the whole of this performance, which took about three-quarters of an hour, the venerable pastor did not display the slightest hurry. The huge morsels he threw into his capacious mouth did not prevent him from chatting and laughing, and he finished every thing with as much ease as if he had only eaten three larks.

In like manner, General Bisson, who drank eight bottles of wine every morning at breakfast, did not betray it; his glass was larger than the others', and he emptied it oftener; but all this so quietly, that a stranger would not have supposed he had drunk more than a bottle.

The second case brings back to my memory my brave compatriot General P. Sibuet, for a long time first aide-de-camp of General Masséna, and killed at the passage of the Bober, in 1813.

Prosper, at the age of eighteen, was a fine young man, with that happy appetite which promised well for further development. He one afternoon entered the kitchen of Genin, where the "ancients" of Belley used to meet to discuss chestnuts and a white wine called *vin bourru*.

A magnificent turkey had just been taken off the spit, well-shaped, golden, done to a turn, and the odour from which was enough to tempt a saint.

The "ancients," most of whom had dined, did not pay much attention to the savoury bird, but the digestive powers of young Prosper were stirred within him; his mouth watered, and he exclaimed, "I have only just dined, but I will lay a wager I will eat the whole of that turkey myself." "Sez vosu mezé, z' u payo,' responded Bouvier du Bouchet, a stalwart farmer who was present, "è sez vos caca en rotaz, í-zet vo ket pairé et may ket mezerai la restaz." *

The young athlete set to work at once. He cut off a wing, which he swallowed in two morsels; after which he cleaned his teeth by crunching the neck of the bird, and swallowed a glass of wine as an *entr' acte.*

He then attacked a thigh, ate it with the same *sang-froid*, and took another glass of wine to prepare the way for the remainder. The second wing soon followed the first, and with increased zest he was about to despatch the remaining limb, when the unfortunate farmer, with a doleful voice, stopped him, exclaiming, "Hai! ze vraie praou qu'i-zet fota; m'ez, monche Chibouet, poez kaet za daive, lessé m'en a m'en mesiet on mocho." *

Prosper was as good a fellow as he was a good sol-

* If you will eat it, I will pay for it; but if you break down, you will pay for it, and I eat the rest.

* Alas! I see it is done; but M. Sibuet, as I have to pay for it, let me at least eat a little bit myself.

dier; he consented, and the farmer got the carcass, no bad part, and cheerfully paid the bill for the turkey and accessories.

General Sibuet used often to relate with pleasure this feat of his youth, always maintaining that it was simply from courtesy that he allowed the farmer a morsel, and that he would have won the wager with ease, fully confident of his powers, and those who knew his appetite when he was forty had no need to doubt the assertion.

CHAPTER VII.

ON FOOD.

WHAT is food? The general definition is: Every thing which nourishes us. The scientific definition is this: By food we mean those substances which, submitted to the stomach, are susceptible of animalization by means of digestion, and repair the losses which the human body suffers from the course of life.

Thus, the distinctive quality of food consists in the property of undergoing animal assimilation.

The animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom are those which have hitherto provided food to the human species. As yet, nothing has been extracted from minerals but remedies or poisons.

Since analytic chemistry has become an adopted science, great steps in advance have been made in ascertaining the double nature of the elements of which the human body consists, and in discovering the substances which Nature seems to have destined to restore the losses it sustains.

There is great analogy between these studies, as man consists in a great measure of the same substances as the animals upon which he feeds, and it became necessary to endeavour to discover in vegetables those affinities in consequence of which they also became susceptible of animalization.

In these two branches the most praiseworthy, and at the same time most minute investigations, have been undertaken, and an analysis has been made as well of the human body as of the food which sustains it, first in their secondary departments, and then in their elements, beyond which there is a veil which we have not been allowed to penetrate.

The greatest service rendered by chemistry to alimentary science is the discovery, or rather the precise knowledge obtained, of "osmazome."

Osmazome is that eminently sapid portion of meat which is soluble in cold water, and which differs from that extractive portion which is only soluble in boiling water.

The merit of a good soup or broth consists in osmazome. It forms the brown (*rissolé*) on roasts, the rich gravy; it gives the flavour to venison and other game.

It is to be found chiefly in full-grown animals, and rarely in white meat, as veal, sucking-pigs, or capons. Your real connoisseur always prefers the inner thigh of a fowl, the instinct of taste having anticipated science.

The discovery of the qualities of osmazome has led to the dismissal of many cooks convicted of extract-

ing the first soup or bouillon; it formed the groundwork of all great soups; it introduced a cup of broth as a beverage after a bath, and induced the Abbé Chevrier to invent cauldrons with lock and key. It is this same abbé who, when he had spinach on the Friday, had it cooked on the Sunday before, and replaced on the fire every day, with an addition of fresh butter, until served up.

Finally, to understand the management of this substance (in other words, to make good broth), you must never allow it to more than *smile* (simmer)—not a bad expression, considering whence it came.

The qualities of osmazome, discovered after having for centuries been the delight of our forefathers, may be compared to those of alcohol, which had inebriated many generations before it was discovered that it might be extracted pure by distillation.

After the osmazome, by the power of boiling water is produced what is generally termed extractive matter; this latter production, mixed up with the osmazome, forms the juice of beef.

To carve well, always cut at a right angle with the fibres of your joint; a joint well carved is more agreeable to the eye, pleasanter to the taste, and is more easily chewed.

HOW TO MAKE SOUP OR BROTH.

To make a good soup or broth, your water must be allowed to boil gradually; to prevent the albumen from coagulating before it is extracted, the boiling must be scarcely evident, so that all the component

parts may dissolve and mix gradually and quietly. A few vegetables or roots may be added to give a flavour, or bread or paste (macaroni) to give more nourishment.

This is a very wholesome food, being light, nutritious, and suitable to all. It gives tone to the digestive organs. Men inclined to grow corpulent should take nothing but soup.

You rarely get a better soup than you do in France.

POULTRY.

The whole race of fowls was created to furnish our larders and adorn our banquets.

From the quail to the turkey, wherever we stumble upon a member of that numerous family, we are sure to find a light, savoury dish, suitable to the invalid as well as to the man in the most robust health.

Where is the man who has been sentenced by his doctor to the food of the pilgrim in the desert, whose lips will not play with a joyous smile when a neatly-cut wing of chicken is placed before him? It announces to him that he has been restored to social life.

We are not satisfied with the qualities Nature has given to the gallinaceous breed. Art stepped in, and under the mask of improvement, made martyrs. They are isolated, stuffed, and brought to a size which they never were meant to attain.

It is true that this extra fat is very delicious, and that it is by these damnable means that they acquire

that succulence and delicacy which form the delights of our best dinners.

Thus improved, poultry is to the kitchen what canvas is to the artist.

We have it served up boiled, fried, roasted, hot, cold, whole, hashed, with or without sauce, boned, grilled, stuffed, and always eat it with pleasure.

THE TURKEY.

The turkey is assuredly one of the noblest gifts the New World has given to the Old.

Men who pretend to be wiser than their betters have asserted that the turkey was known to the Romans, that it was served up at the marriage of Charlemagne, and that it is an error to attribute to the Jesuits the honour of this savoury importation.

To that paradox two objections would suffice:

1. The name of the bird, which attests its origin: for formerly America was designated by the name of *Indes* Occidentales; hence *dindon.*

2. The appearance of the bird, which is evidently foreign.

Nevertheless, though perfectly convinced I was right, I made very extensive researches on the subject, the result of which was:

1. That the turkey was introduced into Europe toward the end of the seventeenth century.

2. That it was introduced by the Jesuits, who bred a large number, chiefly at a farm which they possessed near Bourges.

3. That it was from thence they gradually spread

over France; and still in many parts of France *jésuite* is a familiar term for turkey.

4. That America is the only locality where the wild turkey has been found in a state of nature. There are not any in Africa.

5. That in the farms of North America, where it is very common, it is reared either from eggs which have been taken, or from wild turkeys that have been caught young and tamed; this makes them retain more closely their primitive plumage.

Convinced by these proofs, I owe a second expression of gratitude to the worthy fathers for having introduced quinine, which is still known as Jesuit's bark.

The same researches proved to me that the turkey gradually becomes acclimatized in Europe. About the middle of last century scarcely ten out of twenty young birds thrived, whilst now the proportions are at least fifteen. Heavy rain especially is fatal to them. Heavy drops of rain driven by the wind, falling upon their tender and uncovered heads, speedily kills them.

The turkey is the largest, and, if not the most delicate, is at least the most savoury, of our domestic fowls.

It also has the exclusive advantage of assembling around it all classes of society.

When our vine-growers and farmers give a feast on a long winter's night, what do we behold turning on the spit before a hot fire in the kitchen where the cloth is laid?—a turkey.

When the useful manufacturer, the hard-working artisan, wishes to give a treat to his friends, the *obligato* dish is a turkey stuffed with chestnuts and sausages.

And in our high gastronomic circles, in those select reunions where politics are obliged to give way to a dissertation on taste—what is expected? what is brought up at the second course?—a truffled turkey. And my private memoranda contain a note that its restoring juices have more than once enlightened countenances eminently diplomatic.

The importation of turkeys has become the cause of an important addition to the public purse, and has given rise to a considerable trade. By the rearing of turkeys the farmers are enabled to be more ready to pay their rent and give their daughters marriage portions; and the good citizens who wish to regale on such delicacies must open their purse-strings wide. In this financial point of view, truffled turkeys deserve particular mention. I have reason to believe that from the commencement of November to the end of February 300 truffled turkeys are consumed daily in Paris, altogether, 36,000 turkeys. The usual price of each is, at least, 20 francs, in all 720,000 francs, no small circulation of specie. To this must be added a similar sum for fowls, pheasants, chickens, and partridges, also truffled, which may be seen daily displayed in the windows of eating-houses, to the torture of the passers-by who cannot afford to purchase them.

During my sojourn at Hartford, in Connecticut, I

had the happiness to shoot a wild turkey. That exploit deserves to be handed down to posterity, and I will relate it the more readily as I myself am the hero.

An old American farmer invited me to pay him a visit for shooting; he lived in the backwoods; he promised me gray squirrels, partridges, wild-cocks (wild turkeys), and told me to bring one or two friends of my own choice with me.

One fine day in October, 1794, a friend of mine, Mr. King, and myself, mounted on hacks, set out in the hope of reaching, toward evening, Mr. Bulow's farm, distant five mortal leagues from Hartford, Connecticut.

Mr. King was a peculiar sort of sportsman; he was passionately fond of the exercise, but as soon as he had brought down his bird he looked upon himself as a murderer, and made moral reflections and elegies over the game, which, however, did not prevent him from recommencing.

Although the path was scarcely traced, we arrived without accident, and were received with that cordial and quiet hospitality which is expressed by acts; that is to say, in a few moments every thing was examined, caressed, and lodged—man, horse, and dogs, according to custom.

Two hours were devoted to visit the farm and its dependencies. I might give a description of it, but prefer presenting the reader to four buxom lasses, Mr. Bulow's daughters, and for whom our arrival was a great event.

Their ages varied from sixteen to twenty; they were radiant with freshness and health; and there was so much simplicity in all their movements, so much natural grace, that the most ordinary action sufficed to give them a thousand charms.

Shortly after our promenade, we sat down round a well-provided table. A magnificent piece of corned beef, a stewed goose, and a splendid haunch of mutton, vegetables in plenty, and two huge foaming pots of excellent cider.

When we had proved to our host that we were good sportsmen, at least as far as appetite went, he entered into the object of our visit. He indicated the best places where we were likely to find game, the landmarks to observe to guide us back, and especially the farm-houses where we could get refreshment.

Whilst we were thus conversing, the ladies were preparing tea, so excellent that we drank two or three cups of it; after which we were shown into a double-bedded room, where exercise and good cheer soon sent us into a profound sleep.

On the morrow we started somewhat late on our expedition, and having reached the limits of Mr. Bulow's clearings, I found myself for the first time in my life in a virgin forest, where the sound of the axe had never been heard.

I wandered along in delight, observing the blessings and ravages of time, which creates and destroys; I amused myself in tracing all the periods of the life of an oak, from the moment it emerges from the earth

with two small leaves, until nothing remains of it except a dark line, the dust of its heart.

Mr. King reproached me for my distraction, and we commenced our sport. We shot two or three of those small, delicate, fat, little gray partridges which are such tender eating. We then knocked down six or seven gray squirrels, which are much esteemed in the neighbourhood; ultimately our lucky star led us into a flock of wild turkeys.

They rose at a short interval one after the other, making a great noise, flying fast and screaming. Mr. King fired at the first bird that rose, and followed it; the others were already out of shot, when a straggler rose; I took steady aim, and the bird fell dead.

It is only a sportsman who can feel the internal satisfaction I experienced at this shot. I grasped the noble bird, I turned it over and over on the ground, when I heard Mr. King hallooing to me to come and help him. I ran up, and found that all he wanted was to find his turkey, which he swore he had shot, but which had nevertheless disappeared.

I put my dog in, but he led us into such a thicket that a snake could scarcely have slided through; so we gave it up as a bad job, which put my comrade into a bad temper until he got home.

The rest of the day's sport is not worth mentioning. We lost our way going back, and began to fancy we should have to sleep in the forest, when we heard the silver voices of the Misses Bulow, and the deep bass of the father, who had been kind enough to issue forth to meet us.

The four sisters had got themselves up; fresh dresses, new sashes, pretty little bonnets, and such dandy shoes, showed they had taken some pains on our account: for my part, I determined to be as amiable as I could to the one who came and put her arm through mine with as much seeming right as if she had been my wife.

On reaching the farm we found supper ready; but before partaking of it we warmed ourselves for a few minutes before a blazing fire, lit on our account, although the weather did not require it. It did us much good, and roused us completely.

We ate like famished men; an ample bowl of punch crowned the entertainment, and the conversation of our host, who opened his heart more freely than on the previous evening, led us far into the night.

We spoke of the war of independence, where Mr. Bulow served as a superior officer; of M. de la Fayette, who holds a high footing in the hearts of the Americans, who always speak of him as "the Marquis;" of agriculture, which made profitable returns to America; and, finally, of France, which I loved all the more from being compelled to leave it.

As interludes to the conversation, Mr. Bulow from time to time asked his eldest daughter Maria to sing. With a charming blush, she sang Yankee doodle, the plaintive Song of Mary Stuart, Major André's Lament —all popular in this part of the country. Maria had taken a few lessons, and was looked upon as a *virtuosa;* but what charmed me most was her simple, unaffected manner and rich voice.

We left on the morrow, despité the earnest entreaties to remain, for I had business to attend to. Whilst the horses were getting ready, Mr. Bulow took me aside, and made the following remarkable observations to me:—

"You behold in me, my dear sir, a happy man, if there is one under the canopy of heaven. All that you see is my own property. These stockings were knitted by my daughters; my shoes and clothes are made from my flocks; the latter provide me with ample food; and, to the praise of our government be it said, there are thousands of farmers as happy as I am, and whose doors, like mine, have no locks to them. Taxes here are nominal. As long as they are regularly paid, we may sleep in peace. Congress favours as much as possible our rising industry; agents continually visit us to purchase what we have to sell, and I have ready money in hand for a long time to come, as I have just sold my flour at twenty-four dollars per ton, the usual price having been eight. This is the result of the liberty which we have achieved and founded on sound laws. I am master here, and you will not be astonished when I tell you that the sound of the drum is never heard, and that, with the exception of the 4th of July, the glorious anniversary of our independence, neither soldiers, uniforms, nor bayonets are to be seen."

During the whole of the ride home I was lost in deep thought: the reader may perhaps fancy I was pondering on the allocution of Mr. Bulow, but I had far other thoughts to meditate upon. I was thinking

how I should cook my turkey; and I was somewhat puzzled, for I feared I should not find at Hartford every thing I required, for I wished to elevate a trophy by displaying my prey to advantage.

I make a painful sacrifice by suppressing the details of my intense labour, the object of which was to give a *distingué* dinner to the Americans I invited. Let it suffice to say that I had the wings of the partridges served up *en papillote*, and the gray squirrels stewed in Madeira.

As regards the turkey, the only roast we had, it was pleasing to the eye, flattering to the smell, and delicious to the taste. Thus, when the last particle had vanished, there was a universal murmur of applause: "Very good! exceedingly good! Oh! dear sir! what a glorious bit!" *

GAME.

Under the denomination "Game" we understand all animals, fit to be eaten, which live in the woods and fields in a natural state of liberty.

We say "fit to be eaten," because some such animals do not come under the head of game: as foxes, badgers, crows, magpies, owls, &c.

* The flesh of the wild turkey is darker and more perfumed than that of the domestic turkey.

I find that my esteemed friend M. Bose shot some wild turkeys in Carolina, which he found excellent, and of a much better flavour than those we rear in Europe. He advises all rearers of turkeys to allow them as much liberty as possible, to take them out into the fields, and even into the woods; it will heighten their flavour, and bring them nearer the primitive species.

Game may be divided into three classes:—

The first commences with the thrush, and comprises all lesser birds.

The second ranges higher, commencing with the corn-crake, then snipe, woodcock, partridge, pheasant, rabbit, and hare. This is real game.

The third is better known as venison: it comprises the wild-boar, roe, deer, and all others of the hoof-footed species.

Game forms the charm of our dinners; it is wholesome, warm, savoury, of fine flavour, and easy of digestion to all young persons.

But these qualities are not so inherent as not to require some skill in their preparation. Throw into a pot a handful of salt, some water, and a piece of beef; you will have boiled beef and broth. If, instead of beef, you throw in wild-boar or venison, the beef will be far the best of the three.

But in the hands of a clever cook game undergoes a great many learned modifications and transformations, and provides the majority of the high savoury dishes which constitute "transcendent cookery."

The value of game also depends upon where it is killed. A red partridge from Périgord has not the same flavour as a red patridge from Sologne; and, whilst a hare shot in a field near Paris is but a poor dish, a leveret killed in the hills of Valromey or of the Upper Dauphiné is perhaps the most delicate of quadrupeds.

Amongst the little birds, the first in order of excel-

lence is incontestably the *becca-fica*. It fattens as much as the ortolan, and nature has moreover endowed it with a slight bitterness, and so exquisite a flavour, that all the powers of taste are brought into play. If the *becca-fica* was as big as a pheasant, it would be cheap at an acre of land.

It is sad that this privileged little bird is so rarely seen at Paris; a few may be had there, but they are poor samples, not fat enough, in which their merit consists, and they will not bear comparison with those found in the South of France.*

Few men know how to eat a little bird. I had the secret entrusted to me by Canon Charcot, a born gourmand and perfect *gastronome*, long before the latter word was adopted.

Take a fat little bird by the beak, sprinkle a little salt over it, take out the gullet, put the bird cleverly into your mouth, bite him off close to your fingers, and chew him manfully; the result will be an abun-

* When I was a boy, I remember a story of one Father Fabi, a Jesuit, born in the diocese of Belley, who had a particular fancy for becca-ficas. As soon as they were cried, people exclaimed, "Behold the becca-ficas! Father Fabi is coming." And sure enough he never failed to arrive with a friend on the 1st of September; they regaled themselves upon them on the journey. Every one asked them to dinner, and they left on the 25th. As long as he was in France he never omitted this ornithophilite excursion, which was only interrupted when he was sent on a mission to Rome, where he died as penitentiary in 1688. Father Fabi was a man of deep learning; he wrote various works on theology and physics, in one of which he endeavours to prove that he discovered the circulation of the blood before, or at least as soon as, Harvey.

dance of juice to envelope the whole organ, and you will enjoy a pleasure unknown to the vulgar.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo. (*Hor.*)

Amongst game proper, the quail is the most *mignon* and pleasant. A fat quail is pleasing by its taste, form, and colour. It is a mistake to serve up a quail otherwise than roasted, or *en papillote*, because its flavour evaporates quickly, and, if brought in contact with a fluid, is gone in a moment.

The snipe (or woodcock) is also a good bird, but few men know how fully to appreciate its value. A snipe is never in its full glory except when roasted before the eyes of the sportsman, and especially of the sportsman who killed it; then it is perfect, and the mouth waters with delight.

Above these, and indeed above them all, the pheasant takes highest rank; but few mortals know how to serve it up.

A pheasant eaten within the first eight days after it has been shot, is not worth a partridge or a chicken, because its merit consists in its aroma.

Science has investigated the expansion of this aroma, and experience has proved it; and a pheasant kept till it is on the point of decomposition is a morsel worthy of the most exalted gourmands.

HOW TO COOK A PHEASANT.

The pheasant is an enigma, the key of which is only known to the adepts; they alone know how fully to enjoy it.

Every substance has its apogee of esculence; some attain it before their full development, as capers, asparagus, gray partridges, pigeons, &c.; others arrive at it when in the full bloom of the existence allotted to them, as melons, most fruits, mutton, beef, venison, and red partridges; finally, others when decomposition commences, and of these especially the pheasant.

This latter bird, if eaten within three days after it has been shot, has no peculiar flavour. It has not the delicacy of a fowl, nor the flavour of a quail.

Taken at the proper point, the flesh is tender, sublime, and of high flavour, partaking at once of poultry and venison.

This desirable point is when decomposition commences; then its aroma is developed. This moment manifests itself to the profane by a slight smell, and by a slight change of colour under the feathers in front; but the inspired guess it by a sort of instinct which acts on various occasions; for instance, a good cook knows at a glance when he ought to take his fowl off the spit.

When the pheasant has arrived at this state, it must be plucked, but not before. Small slices of firm and sound lard must then be stuck on to it (*piqué*).

It is by no means an indifferent matter as regards plucking a pheasant too soon. Founded experience has shown that those which have been left in their feathers had a finer flavour than those plucked, either because the contact of the air neutralizes some portion

of the aroma, or because a portion of the juices destined to nourish the feathers is absorbed.

Thus prepared, it has to be stuffed. This is done as follows:—

Take two snipes; bone them, and clear them so as to make two lots; the first of the meat, the second of the liver and entrails.

Make a stuffing of the meat, cutting it up small with beef-marrow cooked by steam, a little lard (*râpé*), pepper, salt, fine herbs, and a sufficient quantity of good truffles to fill the inside of the pheasant.

You must be careful that the stuffing does not protrude, which is sometimes a difficulty, when the bird is rather far gone. But it can be done with a little skill, by attaching a crust of bread.

Then take a piece of toast, which must exceed the size of the pheasant two inches each way, and lay the pheasant upon it longways; then take the livers and entrails of the snipes, and pound them with two large truffles, an anchovy, a little lard, and a suitable piece of fresh butter.

Spread this paste equally over your toast, and then place the pheasant, prepared as above, over it, so that all the juice which issues from it whilst roasting may be soaked in.

When the pheasant is done, serve it up reclining gracefully on the toast, place slices of lemon round, and you need not be anxious for the result.

This high-flavoured dish ought to be washed down with Burgundy (*vin du crû de la Haute-Bourgogne*). I arrived at this truth after a long series of observa-

tions, which gave me as much labour as going through Euclid.

A pheasant thus cooked is worthy of the table of the noblest in the land.

I saw one cooked by that worthy *chef* Picard, at the Château de la Grange, at my charming friend's Madame de Ville-Plaine. It was brought up in solemn procession by Louis, the major-domo. It was examined as minutely as a new bonnet from Madame Herbault's; it was smelt with anticipations of delight; and during this learned investigation the eyes of the ladies twinkled like stars, their lips became the colour of coral, and their features beamed with delight.

A pheasant thus dressed is called *faisan à la Sainte-Alliance.*

On another occasion I had one served up to a board of magistrates of the Supreme Court, who know that it is necessary at times to put off senatorial dignity, and to whom I proved, without much difficulty, that good cheer is the natural compensation for the *ennuis* of the cabinet. After a suitable examination, the senior judge, in a serious voice, pronounced the word "*excellent!*" All the others bowed consent, and the judgment passed unanimously.

During the deliberation, I had observed that the noses of these venerable senators gave very evident twitches of satisfaction, their brows were calm and serene, and a semi-smile hovered on their lips.

However, these marvellous effects are in the nature of things. A pheasant, cooked according to the above

receipt, already a noble bird itself, becomes impregnated externally with the savoury fat of the lard, which carbonizes; inside, it becomes impregnated with the odorous gases which escape from the snipe and truffle. The toast, already so well provided, receives a triple supply of juices from the bird whilst roasting.

Thus, of all these assembled good things, not an atom escapes appreciation, and, considering the excellence of this dish, I deem it worthy of the table of the most august.

Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber, ibis in aulam.

FISH.

Some wiseacres have maintained that the Ocean was the common cradle of every living thing; that even man was born in the sea, and that his actual state is only due to the action of air and to the habits he was obliged to assume in this new element.

However this may be, it is at least certain that the empire of water contains an immense quantity of living things of every form and shape, which enjoy vital functions in various degrees, and on a system which is not the same as that of warm-blooded animals.

It is no less true that it offers an enormous mass of food, and that, in the present state of science, it provides our table with most agreeable variety.

Fish, less nourishing than meat, more succulent than vegetables, is a *mezzo-termine* which suits nearly

every temperament, and may be even allowed to convalescents.

The Greeks and Romans, though less advanced than us in the art of preparing fish, nevertheless held it in high esteem, pushing their refinement so far as to discover by the taste in what waters it had been caught. They kept them in tanks or in fish-ponds; and history records the cruelty of Vadius Pollion, who fed his eels with the bodies of slaves he had slain for the purpose—an act of cruelty which the Emperor Domitian highly disapproved, but which he ought to have punished.

A great discussion has arisen as to whether sea fish or fresh water fish ought to bear the palm of superiority. The question, doubtless, will never be decided, as the Spanish proverb has it, "*Sobre los gustos no hai disputa*" (every man his own taste). No defined character can be given to these fugitive sensations, and there is no scale to judge whether a codfish, a sole, or turbot, is better than a salmon-trout or a tench of six or seven pounds.

It has been generally agreed that fish contains less nourishment than meat, either because it does not contain any osmazome, or because, being lighter in weight, it contains less volume in the same space. Shell-fish, especially oysters, contain very little nutritious matter; this is why a large quantity may be eaten before dinner without interfering with the repast which follows immediately.

It may be remembered that not very long since every dinner commenced with oysters, and that many

of the guests swallowed some few dozen, even as many as twelve dozen. I wished to ascertain the weight of this *avant-garde*, and I found that a dozen oysters (water included) weigh *four ounces*, or twelve dozen three pounds. This satisfied me that the same men who eat a hearty dinner afterwards, would have been completely appeased, had they eaten the same quantity of meat, even of chicken.

Whilst at Versailles, in 1798, as commissary for the directory, I was brought continually in contact with Sieur Laperte, greffier of the tribunal, a great amateur of oysters. He said he never yet had been able to eat enough at one sitting, or, as he expressed it, "*tout son soûl.*"

I resolved to procure him that satisfaction, and I invited him to dinner.

He came. I kept time with him up to the third dozen, when I let him go on alone. He had eaten thirty-two dozen; the operation taking an hour, the person who opened them being rather slow; and as I had not dined, I stopped him when he appeared only in full swing: "Mon cher," I said, "it is not your fate to eat your *soûl* of oysters to-day. Let us dine!" We did so, and he made as hearty a dinner as if he had been fasting.

The ancients extracted two sorts of seasoning from fishes, *muria* and *garum*.

The first was simply brine of the tunny, or, to define it closer, the liquid substance which the mixture of salt caused to run off the fish.

Garum, which brought a much higher price, is not

so well known to us. It is supposed to have been taken by pressure from the entrails of the scomber, or mackerel; but, then, why its high price? There is reason to believe it was some foreign sauce; perhaps nothing else than *soy*, which we import from India, and which consists of the result of fish fermented with mushrooms.

Some races, from their peculiar position, are doomed to live almost entirely upon fish; they also feed their cattle with them, which become accustomed to this unusual food; they manure their land with fish, and yet the sea which surrounds them never ceases to provide them always with the same quantity.

It has been observed that such races do not possess so much courage as beef-eating nations; they are pale, which is not surprising, because, according to the elements of which fish consists, it is more calculated to increase the lymph than repair the blood.

Numerous examples of longevity have been observed among ichthyophagi. This may be attributed either to the fact of light and unsubstantial food obviating apoplexy, or that the juices it contains, being only destined by nature to form bones and gristle, the growth is retarded, and takes a longer time in the development of all those parts of the body, the solidification of which becomes finally the cause of death.

However this may be, fish, in the hands of a good cook, may become an inexhaustible source of enjoyment; it is served up whole, in pieces, boiled, fried, *à l'huile*, in wine, hot, or cold; and it is always well

received; but it never deserves so warm a reception as when served up as a *matelote*.

Analytic gastronomy has endeavoured to examine the effects of a fish regimen on the animal economy. The results obtained are concordant, and must have doubtless been ignored by those ecclesiastical legislators, who ordered that fish should be eaten as a fast at least four days in the week.

Regarded as a species, fish offers to the philosopher an inexhaustible source of meditation and wonder. The varied forms of these strange creatures, the senses they are wanting in, the limited ones they possess, the influence which the difference of the centre in which they are doomed to live, to breathe, and move, must have exercised upon all this, extend the sphere of our ideas, and of the indefinite modifications which may result from the matter and movement of life.

As for myself, I entertain for fishes a sentiment which borders upon respect, and which arises from the intimate conviction that they are evidently antediluvian creatures; the great cataclysm, which drowned our grand-uncles about the eighteenth century of the creation of the world, must have been for fishes a time of rejoicing, of conquest, and festivity.

TRUFFLES.

Whoever says "truffle," pronounces a grand word which arouses at once the feelings of both sexes.

The origin of the truffle is unknown. It is found, but whence it is derived is still a secret. The most skilful men of science have endeavoured to analyze it,

hoping to get the seed, so as to sow and reap. Vain efforts! deluded hopes! No crop rewarded their labour; and this is perhaps no great evil; for, as the price of truffles is somewhat a fancy one, they would perhaps be esteemed less if plentiful and cheap.

"Rejoice, my dear madam," I once said to Madame de V—; "an invention has just been presented to the Society of Encouragement, by means of which the finest lace can be made almost for nothing." "What!" replied the fair lady, with a look of sovereign indifference, "if lace was cheap, do you suppose we should wear such rubbish?"

The truffle was known to the Romans; but the French sort does not seem to have reached them. They imported truffles from Greece, Africa, and chiefly from Libya. They had a white and pink appearance; those from Libya were most sought after, and had the finest flavour.

Gustus elementa per omnia quærunt. (*Juvenal*).

From the Romans down to our own days there was a long interregnum, and the resurrection of truffles is of a recent date. I have waded through many receipt books, where no mention is made of them; it may even be asserted that the generation which is about to pass away witnessed it.

About 1780, truffles were rare at Paris; they were to be had only, and in small quantity, at the Hôtel des Américains and Hôtel de Provence; a truffled turkey was a piece of luxury, only to be found on the table of noble lords or of kept women.

We are indebted to the greengrocers for the increased supply of truffles. Perceiving that they were sought after, and were well paid, they had them brought by the mail, and paid agents to procure them.

In 1825 the glory of the truffle may be said to have reached its culminating point; no good dinner was without its *pièce truffée;* no entrée, however good, is perfect without truffles. Whose mouth does not water at the announcement of *truffes à la Provençale?*

A *sauté de truffes* is always placed before the lady of the house, who does the honours: in short, the truffle is the "diamond" of the *cuisine.*

Peculiar qualities have been attributed to truffles. I will only give one anecdote which, gentle reader, you had better not read.

I questioned an old lady friend of mine, whether there was any truth in the common opinion that truffles had an influence upon the heart. She gave me as a reply the following anecdote:—

"Sir," she said, "in the days when suppers were still the fashion, I was supping one day *en trio* with my husband and one of his friends. Verseuil (that was his name) was a handsome young man, not devoid of wit, and a constant visitor at our house; but he had never said any thing to me to make me fancy he wanted to make love; and when he did pay me little attentions they were paid with so much good nature that a woman must have been a fool to have heeded them. It seems that this evening we were

destined to be alone, as my husband had an appointment on business. Our supper was light, but we had a superb *volaille truffée*, sent to me as a present by the sub-delegate of Perigueux. At that day it was a rare present. The truffles were delicious, and, as you know, I love them; but I was moderate, and drank only one glass of champagne: I had that presentiment that something unusual was going to happen which is a peculiar instinct in women. My husband left us very early, leaving me alone with Verseuil. Conversation went on on everyday subjects, but it soon partook of a more familiar turn. Verseuil made himself most agreeable, and, perceiving that I only laughed at his pretty sayings, he became animated. I woke as from a dream. I was obliged to be severe to stop him. He left, and I went to bed, when I fell at once into a deep sleep. When I awoke in the morning I meditated upon what had passed, and reproached myself with want of energy. I ought to have stopped him at once, pulled the bell, and done every thing which I did not do. Well, sir, I attribute it all to the truffles—and I never ate them afterwards without being on my guard."

This frank avowal by no means lays down a law. I made deep investigations, and the result is that I believe truffles have a peculiar influence upon the more tender feelings of the human species.

White truffles are found in Piedmont, and they are much esteemed; they have a slight smack of garlic, which is, however, not disagreeable, as it does not remain. The best French truffles come from Périgord

and Upper Provence; they are in full flavour in January. They are also found at Bugey, but they do not keep. I tried at four different times to have them at Paris, but the attempt only succeeded once. Truffles from Bourgogne and the Dauphiné are of inferior quality; they are tough and tasteless.

There are "truffles" and "truffles."

Dogs and pigs are trained especially to discover truffles; but there are men whose eye is so correct they can tell at a glance where truffles are to be found, and they can even predict their size and quality.

Is the truffle indigestible?

We say, no. And we come to this decision on the following grounds:—

1. It is easily chewed: is light of weight.

2. During an observation of fifty years we have never known a regular truffle-eater suffer from indigestion.

3. We have the same judgment from the most celebrated practitioners in Paris, a city devoted to truffles par excellence.

4. Finally, those learned doctors eat more truffles themselves than any one else. I need only mention Dr. Malouet, who absorbed a sufficient quantity to give an elephant an indigestion.

I therefore maintain that the truffle is nutritious as well as agreeable, and, taken with moderation, is like a letter slipped in at the post-office.

It is true that a man may feel unwell after a great

dinner at which truffles were served up. But this only happens to men who cram themselves with a host of other good things. Had they afterwards eaten as many potatoes as truffles, the result would have been the same.

It is so very easy to be mistaken as to the cause of indigestion. One day I asked to dinner an old gentleman, Mr. S——, a noted *bon-vivant*. Whether it was that I knew his tastes, or that I wished to prove to my guests that I had their happiness at heart, I was lavish in truffles. I had a magnificent turkey admirably stuffed.

Mr. S—— did full justice to it. On reaching home he was taken with violent spasms. A doctor was sent for, and the symptoms became so serious that some alarm was felt. Suddenly nature came to the rescue. He opened his mouth and shot out a fragment of truffle intact, which bounded back from the wall. The bad symptoms ceased immediately. Poor S——'s teeth, which had been doing service for many years, were not quite up to their work; some had emigrated, and others were not so firm as they should have been. The fragment had stuck in the pylorus. There was no indigestion. He fell into a comfortable sleep, was perfectly well next day, and attacked truffles with as much energy afterwards as ever, taking care, however, to masticate them more carefully.

CHAPTER VIII.

OBESITY OR CORPULENCE.

By obesity we mean that state of fatty congestion when, without the individual being ill, the limbs or members increase gradually in size and lose their primitive form and beauty.

There is one sort of obesity which is confined to the stomach. This is seldom found in women. I myself (says Savarin) am a sufferer in this respect, yet I have an ankle, instep, and calf, as firm as an Arabian horse.

Nevertheless, I looked upon my stomach as a most formidable enemy; I conquered it and reduced it to its proper dimensions. What I now write is the result of a struggle of thirty years.

It is a fact that carnivorous animals never are fat. As an example, look at wolves, jackals, birds of prey, &c.

Herbivorous animals do not grow fat unless they live to an old age; but if you feed them with potatoes and farinaceous substances, they fatten in a very short time.

The principal causes of corpulency may be easily stated:—

The first is the natural conformation of the individual.

Every man is born with certain predispositions, which may be traced in his physiognomy.

Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, an oval face, and sharp nose.

Out of one hundred "corpulents," ninety have a round face, globular eyes, and pug noses.

It is therefore beyond a doubt that some persons are predestined to be fat, and that, taking all things equally, their digestive powers produce a greater portion of fat.

This physical truth is at times an annoyance.

When I meet in society a charming little girl, with rosy cheeks and rounded arms, dimpled hands, a *nez retroussé*, and pretty little feet (the admiration of all present); instructed by experience, I cast a glance ten years forward, and I foresee the ravages of corpulency upon those youthful charms, and I sigh upon other evils looming in the future. This anticipated comparison is a painful feeling, and provides an additional proof that man would be a most miserable being if he could foresee the future.

The second and principal cause of corpulency consists in the farinaceous substances which man eats at his daily meals. All animals that are fed upon farinaceous food become fat whether they will or not. Man is subject to the same law.

Farinaceous food has a much quicker effect when mixed with sugar.

Sugar and grease contain hydrogen, a principle common to both; both are inflammable. Thus amalgamated, it is more effective because it is palatable, and sweets are seldom eaten until the natural appetite has been satisfied, and the artificial appetite alone is left, which requires art and temptation to gratify.

Farinaceous matter (grain) is not the less fattening when absorbed in liquids, as in beer. Beer-drinking nations may boast of the biggest stomachs. In 1817, when the price of wine was high at Paris, and many families took to beer from economical motives, some of the members attained a corpulency quite unexpected.

Another cause of corpulency is too much sleep, and a want of sufficient exercise.

The human frame is greatly restored by sleep, and, at the same time, it loses little, because muscular action is suspended. It therefore becomes necessary that the superfluous fat acquired should be worked off by exercise; but, from the very fact of sleeping much, the time of action is consequently more limited.

By another consequence, great sleepers avoid every thing which has even the shadow of fatigue about it; the access of assimilation is therefore carried away by the torrent of circulation; by an operation of which Nature holds the secret, some additional *centièmes* of hydrogen are created and the grease is formed, to be lodged, by the same movement, in the capsules of the cellular tissue.

A last cause of corpulency consists in excess in eating and drinking.

It has been rightly said, that one of the privileges of the human species is to eat without being hungry, and to drink without being thirsty: in fact, it could not belong to the brute creation, as it depends upon the reflection of the pleasures of the table, and the desire to prolong them.

Wherever men have been found, this double inclination exists. Savages will eat with excess, and get brutally drunk, whenever they have the opportunity.

As regards ourselves, citizens of the two hemispheres, who believe that we are at the apogee of civilization, it is certain that we eat too much.

I do not include that small number of individuals who, from avarice or incapacity, live a separate existence: the former gloat over their savings, the latter groan that they cannot do better; but I do not hesitate to affirm it, as regards all those who, moving in our own circle, are turn about either Amphitryons or guests—offer with politeness and accept with pleasure—who, no longer in need of it, partake of a dish because it is nice, and drink wine because it is pleasant;—I repeat it, whether it is in their dining rooms daily, or only on festive occasions, the great majority eat and drink too much, and an enormous amount of food is daily consumed without need for it.

This cause, nearly always present, acts differently according to the constitution of individuals; and for those who do not possess a healthy stomach, indigestion and not corpulency is the result.

I will quote an example. M. Lany kept a large establishment at Paris and an excellent table, but his stomach was as bad as his love of good cheer was great. He did the honours of his table most admirably, and eat, himself, with an appetite worthy of a better fate.

All went on well until coffee was served; then the stomach refused to perform its proper functions, pain ensued, and the unfortunate gastronome was obliged to throw himself upon a sofa, where he remained till the morrow, expiating by a long agony the short pleasure which he had enjoyed.

The most remarkable feature in this case is that he never corrected himself; as long as he lived he submitted to this strange alternative, and the sufferings undergone on the yesterday did not prevent a repetition on the morrow.

Some men suffer from perpetual indigestion. Food passes through them without any benefit to them, and those who are not aware of the cause are astonished that so many good things do not lead to a better result.

It will be observed that I do not enter minutely into the subject, for there are many secondary causes arising from our habits, customs, and pleasures, which help and actuate those which I have pointed out.

Intemperance has for a long time attracted the attention of all observers. Philosophers have praised temperance; princes have issued laws respecting it, and religion has moralized upon it. Yet, alas! not one mouthful less is eaten, and the art of eating too continues to flourish.

I shall now endeavour to explain the physical inconveniences of corpulency. Self-preservation will probably have a greater effect than the most moral sermon, and I have no doubt the fair sex are ready to listen.

Corpulency has a baneful influence upon both sexes, insomuch as it is detrimental to strength and beauty.

It is detrimental to strength because, whilst increasing the weight you have to carry, it does not increase the motive power. It is also detrimental because it impedes respiration, which renders impossible any labour which requires a prolonged exertion of muscular strength.

Corpulence is detrimental to beauty, as it destroys the harmony of proportions established by nature; all the parts do not increase in equal proportion.

It is also detrimental by filling up cavities which Nature had destined as a foil. Thus, we often meet persons who once had most interesting faces, and whom corpulency has rendered almost insignificant.

Corpulency carries with it a distaste for dancing, walking, riding, and an inaptitude for any occupation or amusement requiring a little exertion or skill.

It moreover leads to various maladies: apoplexy, dropsy, swelling in the legs, and impairs the health generally.

One and a most valuable conclusion may be drawn from the above:

CORPULENCY IS NOT A MALADY; IT IS AT MOST A LAMENTABLE RESULT OF AN INCLINATION TO WHICH WE GIVE WAY, AND WE ALONE ARE TO BLAME.

Another consequence is, that every one is desirous of avoiding corpulency, or of getting rid of it if, unhappily, he should have acquired it. It is with the desire to provide every one with the means of doing so that we now purpose to examine what are the resources offered to us by science, aided by observation, to attain the desired end.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW TO CURE CORPULENCY.

I COMMENCE by quoting a fact (says Savarin) which proves that a certain amount of strength of mind is requisite to cure corpulency:

M. Louis Greffulhe called upon me one day and said that, having heard I was writing a treatise on corpulency, and he was very much inclined to be corpulent, he should feel obliged to me for advice.

"My dear sir," I said, "not having taken out a regular diploma, I might refuse to advise you; but if you will give me your word of honour to follow for one month the instructions I give you, I will tell you what to do."

He promised to do so. I gave him my instructions, requesting him to have himself weighed at once, and again at the expiration of the month.

When the month was out, M. Greffulhe came to see me, and spoke to the following intent:

"Sir, I have followed your instructions to the letter, as if my life depended upon it, and during the

month I have lost more than three pounds of flesh. But to obtain that result I have been obliged forcibly to gainsay all my tastes, all my customs—in a word, I have suffered so much, that whilst I give you my best thanks for your good advice, I now renounce all benefit I might derive from following it, and shall allow Providence to deal with me as it thinks fit."

It grieved me to hear this, for I feared the result. M. Greffulhe grew more and more corpulent, and, before he reached his fortieth year, died of suffocation.

To cure corpulency, the precepts of absolute theory must be adhered to—

Discretion in eating; moderation in sleep; exercise on foot or on horseback.

These are the first resources offered to us by science. Yet (says Savarin) I do not count much upon them, because I am cognizant of men and things, and am aware that any prescription which is not followed out to the letter will not have the slightest effect.

Now, 1st. It requires a firm will to leave the dinner table with an appetite: as long as the craving is felt, one morsel invokes another with irresistible attraction, and, generally speaking, we eat as long as we are hungry, despite the doctors, and even the example of doctors.

2dly. To tell a person of embonpoint to get up early in the morning, is to break his (or her) heart: they will tell you that it will ruin their health; that, if they get up early, they are not fit for any thing

during the rest of the day; the ladies will complain that their eyes look heavy; they will all consent to sit up late, but they must have a long snooze in the morning; and here is one resource lost.

3d. Riding is a dear remedy, which does not suit every fortune or every position.

Propose to a pretty fat girl to ride, she will consent with delight, but on three conditions—she must have a pretty and quiet horse, a well-made habit of the last fashion, and a handsome fellow to ride with. Now, these three things are not always to be had, so riding is given up.

Walking has many other objections. It is *so* fatiguing, the mud and the dust are dreadful, and the stones cut the pretty little boots, and then if a pimple the size of a pin's head should break out, it is immediately put down to that horrid doctor and his system, which is, of course, abandoned.

Thus, having arrived at the conviction that any person who desires his embonpoint to be diminished, ought to eat with moderation, not sleep too much, and take as much exercise as possible, some other means must, nevertheless, be found to attain the desired object.

Now, there is an infallible method, founded upon the strict rules of physic and of science, which consists in following without deviation a regular system of diet, with the desired end in view.

Of all the powers of the medical science, system is the first, because it always acts—by day, by night, when you are awake, when you are asleep; the effect is ascertained after every repast, and increases in effi-

ciency, and finally it succeeds in subjugating the whole individual.

The anti-corpulency system is plainly indicated by the most common and the most active cause of corpulency; and, as it has been proved beyond a doubt that fatty substances are formed of farinaceous food in men as well as in animals, and, as regards the latter, we positively fatten them up for commercial purposes, we may come to the deduction, as an unchallengeable fact, THAT A MORE OR LESS STRICT ABSTINENCE FROM ALL FARINACEOUS FOOD WILL TEND TO DIMINISH CORPULENCY.

I hear my fair friends exclaim that I am a monster who wishes to deprive them of every thing they like. Let them not be alarmed.

If they must eat bread, let it be brown bread; it is very good, but not so nutritious as white bread.

If you are fond of soup, have it *à la julienne* or with vegetables, but no paste, no macaroni.

At the first course eat any thing you like, except the rice with fowls, or the crust of *pâtés*.

The second course requires more philosophy. Avoid every thing farinaceous. You can eat roast, salad, and vegetables. And if you must needs have some sweets, take chocolate, creams, and gelées, and punch in preference to orange or other sweets.

Now comes dessert. New danger. But if you have been prudent so far, you will continue to be so. Avoid biscuits and macaroons; eat as much fruit as you like.

After dinner take a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur. Tea and punch will not hurt you.

At breakfast brown bread and chocolate in preference to coffee. No eggs. Any thing else you like. You cannot breakfast too early. If you breakfast late, the dinner hour comes before you have properly digested; you do not eat the less, and this eating without an appetite is a prime cause of obesity; because it often occurs.

The above regulations are to prevent embonpoint; the following are for those who are already victims:—

Drink, every summer, thirty bottles of Seltzer water—a large tumblerful every morning, two hours before breakfast, and the same before you go to bed. Drink white wines and rather acid. Avoid beer like the plague. Eat radishes, artichokes, celery; eat veal and chicken in preference to beef and mutton; only eat the crust of your bread; you will be all the lighter and younger for it.

I must now warn you against a danger which extra zeal might lead you into. That danger is the habitual use of acids, which ignorant people sometimes recommend, and which experience has shown to have very baneful effects.

This dreadful doctrine prevails amongst ladies, and the idea that acids, especially vinegar, will prevent embonpoint, carries many a fair girl to an early grave.

There is no doubt a continual use of acids will make a person thin; but it destroys their freshness, their health, their life; even lemonade, which is the mildest of them, will gradually do harm.

This truth cannot be made too public; many read-

ers could give me examples to support it. I will only give one case which came under my own personal observation.

In 1776 I lived at Dijon; I was studying law, chemistry, and medicine.

I had a Platonic friendship for one of the most charming persons I have ever met. Louise ——— was a lovely girl, and had that classical embonpoint which charms the eye and is the glory of sculptors.

Though only a friend, I was not blind to her attractions, and this is perhaps why I observed her so closely. 'Chère amie,' I said to her one evening, 'you are not well; you seem to be thinner.' 'Oh! no,' she said, with a smile which partook of melancholy, 'I am very well; and if I am a little thinner I can very well afford it.' 'Afford it!' I said, with warmth; 'you can afford neither to gain nor lose; remain beautiful as you are,' and other phrases pardonable to a young man of twenty.

Since that conversation I watched her more closely, with an interest not untinged with anxiety; gradually I saw her cheeks fall in, her figure decline. One evening at a ball, after dancing a quadrille, I cross-questioned her, and she reluctantly avowed that, her school friends having laughed at her, and told her that in two years she would be as fat as St. Christopher, she had for more than a month drunk a glass of vinegar every morning; she added that she had not told anybody of it.

I shuddered when I heard her confession; I was aware of the danger she incurred, and next day I

informed her mother, who was terribly alarmed, for she doted upon her child. No time was lost. The very best advice was taken. All in vain! The springs of life had been attacked at the source; and when the danger was suspected, all hope was already gone.

Thus, for having followed an ignorant advice, poor Louise was carried to her grave in her eighteenth year, her last days embittered by the thought that she herself, involuntarily, had cut short her existence.

She was the first person I ever saw die; she died in my arms, as, at her wish, I was raising her up that she might behold the light. Some days after her death, I accompanied her bereaved mother to take a last glance at her countenance. With surprise we observed that a radiant, almost an ecstatic, expression was on her features, which was not there when she died. I was astonished. The mother drew from it a favourable augury; but this is not a rare occurrence; Lavater mentions it in his 'Treatise on Physiognomy.'

THE ANTI-CORPULENCY BELT.

Every anti-corpulent system ought to be accompanied by a precautionary step, which I had nearly forgotten, and which, perhaps, I ought to have stated at first. It consists in wearing, day and night, a belt round the stomach, which can gradually be tightened.

To prove the necessity of this it must be considered that the spine, which is one of the mainstays of the internal machine, is firm and inflexible; hence, it results that any excess of weight thrown upon the bowels during a state of corpulency makes

them deviate from the vertical line; they fall upon the various tissues of which the skin of the stomach consists, and as they have the power of expansion to an almost indefinite extent,* there might not be sufficient strength left for them to retract when the effort of expansion diminished, unless assisted by mechanical means, which, acting upon the spine itself, had become an antagonist, and reëstablished the equilibrium. Thus, a belt such as we have described produces a double effect: it prevents the bowels from encroaching too much upon it, and it gives it the necessary power of contraction when the weight diminishes. This belt should never be taken off; otherwise the good done during the day would be cancelled in the night. Moreover, it is not uncomfortable, and a man soon gets accustomed to it.

The belt, which is a sort of guide to show that you have eaten enough, ought to be manufactured with some care. Its pressure ought to be very slight, and always the same, that is to say, that it ought to be so made that it might be easily tightened as the corpulency of the wearer diminishes.

A man is not doomed to wear it all his life. He may cast it aside without inconvenience when he has attained the desired end, and there has been no sign of increase for a few weeks.

Let it be clearly understood that diet must still be adhered to.

* Mirabeau said, speaking of a very corpulent man, that he had only been created to show to what extent the human skin could be stretched without bursting.

I (writes Savarin) have been enabled to give up the belt for six years.

QUININE.

There is decidedly, in my opinion, an anti-corpulent quality in quinine. But let the medical faculty decide the point. I have (says Savarin) visited many persons of my acquaintance suffering from intermittent fever; some of them have been cured by nostrums or powders, but I have observed that when quinine was used it generally succeeded.

The first category of patients, if corpulent, when they recovered, the corpulency returned. Those who had taken quinine lost their embonpoint. What gives me the right of fancying that quinine produced the latter result, is that there was no difference between them except the method of the cure.

Rational theory is not opposed to this result; for, on the one hand, quinine, which fortifies all the vital powers, may give to the circulation an activity which disturbs and dissipates the fluids destined to form fatty matter; and, on the other hand, it has been proved that quinine contains a property* of a nature to contract the cells which, in ordinary cases, are destined to receive fatty congestions. It is even probable that these two effects concur and strengthen each other.

It is on these *data*, the justice of which every one will appreciate, that I think I may advise the use of quinine to all those who desire to get rid of an embonpoint which has become disagreeable to them.

* Tannin.

Thus, *dummodò annuerint in omni medicationis genere doctissimi facultatis professores*, I am of the opinion that after the first month of a careful régime, he or she who desires to become less corpulent will do well to take for one month, every other day, at seven o'clock in the morning, two hours before breakfast, a glass of dry sherry, with a tea-spoonful of red quinine in it, and they will be benefited by it.

Such are the means with which I propose to combat an inconvenience as disagreeable as it is common. I have suited them to human weakness, modified by the state of society in which we live.

To do this I have followed that truth, resulting from experience, that the more rigorous a system is, the less is the effect produced, because it is not strictly adhered to, perhaps shirked altogether.

Great efforts are rare exceptions; and if you wish your advice to be followed, you should only propose to men what it is easy for them to comply with, and even, if possible, make it an agreeable task to them.

CHAPTER X.

LEANNESS AND ITS CURE—WHAT IS LEANNESS?

LEANNESS is the condition or state of an individual whose muscular flesh, not being sufficiently provided with fat, betrays the forms and angles of his bony conformation.

There are two sorts of leanness.

The first is that which, resulting from the primitive disposition of the body, is accompanied by health, and the complete power of exercise of all the organic functions.

The second is that which, having as cause the weakness of certain organs, or a defective action in some of them, gives the individual a miserable and sickly appearance. I knew a young woman of average height who only weighed sixty-five pounds.

Leanness is not a disadvantage to men. Their strength is not affected by it, and they are even more vigorous. The father of the young lady just alluded to was almost as thin as she was, but he was so strong that he could take a heavy chair in his teeth, and throw it backwards over his head.

But as regards the fair sex, it is a dreadful evil, for with them BEAUTY is more than LIFE, and BEAUTY consists especially in the rounded limb and the graceful curve. The most *recherchée* toilette, the best dressmaker in the world, cannot conceal certain "absences," or disguise certain angles; and it has been not wrongly said that every pin which a thin woman takes out, no matter how beautiful she may have appeared, lessens her charms.

Women who are sickly by nature should have recourse to medical advice, and, though it may take time, they may be cured.

But as regards women who are born thin and have a good stomach, we do not see any reason why they should not be fattened like fowls; and should a little more time be requisite, it is because the stomach of a woman is comparatively smaller, and they cannot be subjected to a rigorous *régime*, punctually enforced.

This comparison is the mildest I could hit upon; I was in want of one, and the ladies will, I hope, forgive me on the ground of the praiseworthy intentions with which this chapter is written.

Nature, which works in divers ways, has moulds for leanness as well as for corpulency.

Persons destined to be thin are constructed in an elongated shape. They generally have thin hands and feet, skinny legs, not much flesh about the lower part of the body, their ribs visible, an aquiline nose, almond-shaped eyes, a large mouth, pointed chin, and brown hair.

Such is the general type. Some portions of the body may escape this description, but rarely.

Some lean persons have voracious appetites. Those ladies whom I have questioned on the subject have confessed to me that they did not digest well, and that was the reason why they remained in the same condition.

The sickly by nature do not come under any particular standard of height or colour of hair. There is nothing prominent about them, neither in their features, nor in their manners; their eyes are dull, and the combination of their features indicates a want of energy, weakness, and something which amounts to suffering. One might almost fancy that they had not been quite finished, and that the flame of life had not been quite lighted.

Every thin woman wishes to be stouter.

This is a wish we have heard expressed a thousand times.

It is, therefore, with the intention of rendering a last homage to that all-powerful sex that we shall now endeavour to replace by flesh and blood those apparatuses of silk or cotton which we behold so profusely displayed in the shop windows, which shock the virtuous-minded passer-by and bring the reality almost visibly before him.

Now, the whole secret for a thin lady to acquire a little embonpoint lies in a nutshell.

It consists in a suitable *régime*. She must learn how to select and how to eat her food.

We shall, therefore, endeavour to point out the

system which ladies ought to follow who wish to become more plump, or, to use the more elegant term, who are desirous of acquiring "the rounded limb and the graceful curve."

GENERAL RULE.—Eat a quantity of fresh bread—the same day's baking—and do not throw away the crumb.

Before eight A.M., when in bed, take a basin of soup (*potage au pain* or *aux pâtes*), not too much, or, of you prefer it, a cup of good chocolate.

Breakfast at eleven. Fresh eggs, boiled or poached, *petits pâtés*, cutlets, or any thing else; but eggs are essential. A cup of coffee will not hurt.

After breakfast take a little exercise. Go shopping or call on a friend, sit and chat, and walk home again.

At dinner, eat as much soup, meat, and fish as you like, but do not omit to eat the rice with the fowl, macaroni, sweet pastry, creams, &c.

At dessert, savory biscuts, *babas*, and other farinaceous preparations which contain eggs and sugar.

This diet may seem limited, but it is capable of great variation, and comprises the whole animal kingdom.

Drink beer by preference; otherwise Bordeaux or wine from the South of France.

Avoid acids; except salad, which gladdens the heart. Eat sugar with your fruit, if it admits of it. Do not take baths too cold; breathe the fresh air of the country as often as you can; eat plenty of grapes when in season; do not fatigue yourself by dancing at a ball.

Go to bed at eleven o'clock; on extra nights be in bed by one.

If this system is boldly and exactly adhered to, the failings of nature will soon be supplied; health and beauty will be the result.

We fatten sheep, calves, oxen, poultry, carp, crawfish, oysters: whence I deduce the general maxim:—

"*Every thing that eats can be fattened, provided the food is well and suitably chosen.*"

DIETARY FOR THE CORPULENT AND THOSE WHO ARE INCLINED TO BE SO.

A learned physician of the present day, who has studied the two subjects on hand, has favoured us with his views on the subject:—

Corpulent persons should eat in moderate quantity any of the following articles of food:—

The Lean of Butchers' Meat.
Poultry—Game.
Fish, fresh or salted—Eggs—Toast for ordinary bread—Greens—Cabbage—Watercress—Spinach.

And avoid eating:—

Fat or Potted Meats.
Bread—Biscuits—Rice—Arrow-root—Sago—Macaroni—Vermicelli—Puddings and Pastry of all kinds—Custards—Cheese—Butter—Cream.
Sugar in any form.
Potatoes—Parsnips—Turnips—Carrots.
Fruits of all kinds, fresh or preserved.

They may drink:—

Tea and Coffee, without sugar or cream.
Acid Wines—Claret—Dry Sherry—Seltzer, or Soda Water.
Unsweetened Spirits in great moderation.

And avoid drinking:—

Stout—Porter and Ale of all kinds—Milk—Sweet and Port Wines—Liqueurs—Cocoa and Chocolate.

DIETARY FOR LEAN PERSONS.

Lean persons may eat:—

Fresh Butchers' Meat, of all kinds, because it contains the largest amount of nourishment.
Game—Poultry.
Fish of all kinds.
Soups, Broths, and Beef Tea, thickened with Bread or any farinaceous or vegetable substance.
Eggs—Butter—Cheese—Cream.
Sweetened Jellies—Custards—Blanc-manger, &c.
Ripe Fruits, fresh or preserved.
Sugar, in almost any form—Honey.
Farinaceous Substances, such as Bread—Biscuits—Arrow-root—Sago—Tapioca—Rice—Potatoes.
Saccharine Roots, as Parsnips—Carrots—Turnips—Beetroot.
Vegetables, as Cauliflowers—Asparagus—Sea-kale.

They should avoid eating:—

All kinds of Salted Meats and Fish.
Pickles—Lemons.

And drinking:—

Sour Wines—Acids—Vinegar.

May drink:—

Cocoa—Chocolate—Coffee—Tea and Milk.
Generous Wines—Ale—Stout—Liqueurs.
Cod-liver Oil is a most nutritious substance, and a tablespoonful twice or thrice a day has in numerous cases proved highly beneficial.

Lean persons should be well clothed, according to the season, and regulated by their feelings; taking care to have their extremities kept warm, and to avoid being chilled.

Flannel or woollen garments are the best non-conductors of heat, and therefore the most suitable to be worn during cold weather.

In addition to proper food and clothing, cleanliness is of great importance, producing a healthy constitution and a beautiful complexion.

Thin and delicate persons, in making their ablutions in the winter, ought to use tepid water in preference to cold.

SUGAR.

In the advanced state of science of the present

day, we understand by sugar a substance sweet to the taste, susceptible of crystallization, and which by fermentation is dissoluble into carbonic acid and alcohol.

Sugar, as formerly understood, was the *arundo saccharifera*, the thick crystallized sugar of the cane.

The sugar-cane is a native plant of India; nevertheless it is true that the Romans did not use sugar habitually. There are a few passages in ancient authors which may lead to the supposition that a sweet juice had been discovered in certain reeds. Lucan says: "Quique bibunt tenera dulces ab arundine succos;" but as regards sugar as we now have it the Romans were totally ignorant.

It has been brought to perfection step by step, and has become a most important article of commerce; it is a source of fortune to the cultivator and the trader, and for the governments that levy a tax upon it.

For some time it was supposed that the heat of the tropics was requisite for the production of sugar; but about the year 1740, Margraff discovered it in various plants of the temperate zone, more especially in beet-root. The investigations of Professor Achard of Berlin confirmed the fact.

The events at the commencement of the nineteenth century having rendered sugar scarce and dear in France, investigations were set on foot by the government. The result was that sugar was discovered to exist in the grape, chestnut, and potato, but more especially in the beet-root.

The cultivation of the beet-root became quite a separate branch, and manufactories of beet-root sugar sprang up in various parts of France. On the restoration of peace, when the price of colonial sugar fell, the beet-root manufactories declined. A vulgar idea—perfectly erroneous—got abroad, that beet-root sugar was not so good as colonial sugar. Science has proved its fallacy.

Eau sucrée is a refreshing beverage, wholesome, agreeable, and sometimes salutary as a remedy.

Sugar is made use of for syrups, ices (which were introduced by Catherine de Medici), liqueurs, biscuits, creams, blanc-manger, according to the liquids with which it is mixed. Mixed with coffee it brings out the aroma. Preserves, marmalades, candies, all depend upon it. In fact, its use is general.

As regards the use of sugar, we quote the following from a learned practitioner: "The weight of the sugar taken in is not equal to the absolute increase of the individual experimented on. Yet it is the cause of it, by adding a material to the blood which enables it to elaborate fat with the greatest rapidity. Cod-liver oil acts on the emaciated in precisely the same way. One pound of oil taken over a period of three weeks has often, in my own practice, increased the weight of the recipient by fourteen pounds. How is this? And how is it that thin, ill-nourished persons are generally large eaters? The admixture of oil in the food has furnished to the blood one important element for the formation of fat, without which the others (albuminous, nitrogenous, &c.), however abundantly

supplied, were useless. Doubtless the globule form in which fat is deposited is furnished by the oil, and filled in, as it were, by the other nutrient articles consumed. And so the thin man is thin because some one ingredient is wanting to enable him to raise his food into vitality and make tissues out of it." *

* Letter in *The Times*.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW TO FRY.

It was a fine May day; the sun shed its warm rays on the roofs of the houses of the great city of delights, and the streets (a rare occurrence) were free from mud and dust.

The heavy diligence had for some time ceased to shake the pavements; luggage vans were silent, and only a few open carriages, full of fair ladies with elegant bonnets, passed at intervals.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when the professor sat down in his arm-chair to meditate. His right leg rested vertically on the carpet; his extended left leg formed a diagonal; his back reposed comfortably on the cushions, and his hands rested on the lion-heads that adorned the arms of that venerable household relic. His elevated brow indicated deep thought, and his mouth betrayed amiable distractions. His whole attitude was one of meditation; and any one beholding him would have mentally observed: That is a sage!

Thus established, the professor sent for his head cook; and shortly he entered, ready to receive advice, lessons, or orders.

"Maître la Planche," said the professor, with that grave accent which penetrates every heart, "every man who dines at my table proclaims you a *potagiste de première classe:* that is well, for the *potage* is the first consolation of a hungry stomach; but I am sorry to find that you have much to learn in the art of frying.

"I heard you fry yesterday, when that magnificent sole was served up pale, soft, and discoloured. My friend R—— shot a glance of disapprobation toward you; M. H. R. turned his gnomonic nose to the west, and President S. deplored the failure as a public calamity.

"This misfortune has befallen you for having neglected theory, the full importance of which you do not appreciate. You are a little obstinate, and I have some difficulty in making you understand that the phenomena which takes place in your laboratory are nothing else than the results of the external laws of nature; and that certain things which you do carelessly, simply because you have seen others do so, emanate, nevertheless, from the highest abstractions of science.

"Listen to me, then, with attention, and learn, that you may not again have to blush at your performance.

"Liquids exposed to the action of fire do not all attain the same degree of heat; nature has made them

unequal in this respect; it is an order of things, the secret of which she reserves, and which we call calorific capacity.

"Thus, you may with impunity dip your finger in boiling spirits of wine; you would draw it out very quickly from brandy; still quicker from water, and a rapid immersion in boiling oil would make a cruel wound, for oil is capable of three times the heat of water.

"It is consequent upon this disposition that boiling liquids act differently upon sapid bodies thrown into them. Those put into water become soft, dissolve, and form a soup; those, on the contrary, put into oil, condense, acquire a hue more or less brown, and end by carbonizing.

"In the former case, the water dissolves, and extracts the internal juices of the substances thrown in; in the latter, those juices are preserved, because oil cannot dissolve them; if those substances dry up, it is because a continuation of the heat finally makes them evaporate in humidity.

"The two methods have also different names; the process of boiling substances intended for the table in oil or grease is called '*frying*.' I think I have already explained to you that *oil* and *grease* are almost synonymous, grease being simply condensed oil, and oil liquid grease.

"Fried things are pleasant dishes; they make a tasty variation. The whole merit consists in the formation of the crust, or, to use the proper word, '*la surprise*.' To do this well, the boiling liquid must be

sufficiently hot for its action to be sudden and instantaneous; it requires a good well-kept-up fire to procure this result. To ascertain whether the liquid is hot enough, dip a piece of bread into the frying-pan and keep it there for five or six seconds; if you withdraw it firm and coloured, make your fry at once; if not, stir your fire and try it again. The *surprise* or immersion once done, moderate your fire that the juices thus imprisoned may undergo, under a prolonged heat, the change which unites them and enhances their flavour.

"You will, doubtless, have observed that the surface of well-fried objects will not dissolve either salt or sugar, which, nevertheless, they need according to their peculiar nature. Therefore you must reduce both those ingredients to the finest powder and use a sprinkling box.

"I will not tell you what oil or grease to use; your library contains sufficient books on that subject.

"However, you must not forget that when you have to fry trout, which scarcely exceed a quarter of a pound, which have been caught in some running stream, you must take the very best olive oil; this simple dish, well fried and adorned with slices of lemon, is worthy to be offered to a cardinal.

"A Neapolitan, dining with me one day when I had this dish, exclaimed, '*Questo è un vero boccone di Cardinale.*' 'Why,' I retorted, 'don't you say a dish for a King?' 'My dear sir,' he replied, 'we Italians do not believe that kings are gourmets; their repasts are too short and too solemn; but cardinals! eh!!!'

and he chuckled with delight, 'Hou hou, hou hou, hou hou!'

"Cook smelts in the same way. They are the *beccaficas* of the water; same smallness, same perfume, same superiority.

"These two prescriptions are also founded on the nature of things, and experience has taught that olive oil should only be used for operations which can be quickly done, or that do not require great heat.

"You took charge of my 'lower regions,' and you were the first man to serve up an immense turbot fried. Great was the joy that day amongst the elect!

"Go, continue to give your usual attention to every thing; but do not forget that as soon as the guests arrive in my saloon, their whole happiness is in *our* hands."

CHAPTER XII.

THIRST.

A MAN dies much sooner of thirst than he does of hunger. Men who have been provided with water have been known to live for eight days without eating, whilst a man without beverage cannot live beyond five.

The reason of this difference is, that the latter dies of exhaustion and weakness, whilst the former suffers from a burning fever, which increases till he dies.

Water is the only beverage which really appeases thirst. This is why we drink very little of it. All other drinks are simply palliatives. If a man drank nothing but water, he could never have been accused of drinking without being thirsty.

Beverages have one peculiar quality; they have immediate effect, and give immediate relief. Give a worn-out man the most substantial food; he will turn from it with disgust: pour a glass of wine or brandy down his throat; he will revive.

There is a curious fact well worthy of remark,

namely, that sort of instinct, as general as it is imperious, which makes us desire strong drink.

Wine, the most pleasant of beverages, whether we are indebted for it to Noah who planted the vine, or to Bacchus who squeezed out the juice of the grape, dates from the childhood of the world; and beer, attributed to Osiris, goes back to times beyond certainty.

All men, even savages, have been so tormented by this thirst for strong drink, that they have procured it, however limited their knowledge.

They have soured the milk of their domestic animals; they have extracted the juice of fruits and roots, and have stumbled upon the elements of fermentation. And wherever we go in society we find men provided with strong drink. They use it at their feasts, their sacrifices, their marriages, their burials, in fact at every solemnity.

For centuries wine was drunk and sung before it was supposed that spirit, which gave it its strength, could be extorted from it. But the Arabs having taught us the art of distillation, which they had discovered to extract perfume from flowers, more especially from the rose, so celebrated in their writings, it occurred that the flavour of wine might be extracted, and, step by step, alcohol, spirits of wine, and brandy, were extracted.

Alcohol is the monarch of liquids. America was subjugated by alcohol as much as by gunpowder.

This thirst for a liquid which nature has wrapped in mystery, this extraordinary desire traceable in

every race of man, in every clime, under every temperature, is well worthy the attention of the philosophic observer.

I have pondered over it as others have done, and I am inclined to place the desire for fermented liquors side by side with anxiety for the future, for both are unknown to the brute creation, and I regard them as distinctive features of the master-piece of the last sublunary revolution.

CHAPTER XIII.

LA GOURMANDIZE.

We have no equivalent in the English language for the word "gourmandize" or "gourmand." "Epicurism" and "epicure" are perhaps the nearest approach. It is curious that Savarin throughout his work makes use of the expression "gourmand" to denote a refined eater. The French language possesses another definition, which Roget would do well to insert into the next edition of his "Thesaurus," viz. *Gourmet.**

Our English idea of a "gourmand" is a man who has a voracious appetite, likes good things, and swallows them wholesale; in fact—a glutton. Savarin's "gourmand" is the "man of taste" as defined in Aphorism II.:—

"Animals feed; man eats; it is only the man of intellect who knows *how* to eat."

Henceforth, then, gentle reader, remember that in

* I allude to the sixth edition of this valuable work; perhaps it may be in a later one.

these pages "*gourmand*" and "*gourmandize*" imply the refinement of the "Art of Dining."

Social "*gourmandize*" combines the elegance of Athens with the luxury of Rome and the refinement of Paris. It implies intellect, taste, and judgment. It is a passionate preference which grows upon man for objects which flatter his taste.

Gourmandize is the very reverse of gluttony; it is the enemy of every excess. A man who eats till he gets an indigestion, or who gets drunk, is immediately struck off the list of "gourmands."

Gourmandize comprises refined taste for the most delicate dishes, even preserves and pastry. It admits women into its ranks. In whatever light you look upon it, it is deserving of praise and encouragement.

In a physical point of view it is the result and proof of a healthy and perfect state of the organs destined for nutrition. In a moral point of view it is an implicit resignation to the behests of the Creator, who, having ordained that we should eat to live, invites us thereto by appetite, supports us by taste, and rewards us by pleasure.

In the point of view of political economy, "*gourmandize*" is the common link which unites nations by the reciprocal exchange of articles of daily use. It sends wines from pole to pole; brandy, sugar, groceries, and provisions of every description, even to eggs and melons, are all at its command. It regulates the price of good and bad articles of food according to their respective merits. It keeps up the emulation of

sportsmen, fishermen, and gardeners, whose labours adorn the tables of the rich.

Finally, it gives employment to a host of cooks, pastry-cooks, confectioners, and others, beyond calculation.

In the present state of society, it would be difficult to imagine a people living exclusively on bread and vegetables. If such a nation existed, it would infallibly be subjugated by a carnivorous army, as the Hindoos have successively fallen a prey to all who attacked them, or else it would be converted by the *cuisine* of its neighbours in like manner as the Bœotians became *gourmands* after the battle of Leuctra.

To the Exchequer "gourmandize" is a godsend. Every thing good we eat is taxed, and "*gourmands*" are the main support of the Treasury.

What saved France from bankruptcy in 1815?—"*La gourmandize.*"

When the Allies entered Paris, the sums they spent paid the indemnity. Véry made his fortune; Achard commenced his; Beauvilliers made a third fortune; and Madame Sullot, of the Palais Royal, sold 12,000 *petits pâtés* daily.

When the army entered Champagne, it took 600,000 bottles of wine from the renowned cellars of M. Moet d'Epernay. The owner consoled himself for the loss when he found the pillagers retained the taste of his wine, and the orders he afterwards received amply compensated him for the robbery.

Gourmandize is not confined to the male sex.

There is nothing so agreeable to behold as a "pretty gourmande." Her napkin is well placed; one of her hands rests on the table; the other, armed with a fork, conveys delicate little morsels to her mouth; her eyes sparkle, her lips are vermilion; her conversation is agreeable; every movement is graceful; she is not wanting in that *coquetterie* which a clever woman knows so well how to turn to account. With such advantages, she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor himself would be moved.

The inclination of the fair sex for good living is a natural instinct, because it is favourable to their good looks.

A series of observations has convinced me that ladies who live well remain younger much longer than others.

It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as physiology has proved that the depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, those dreaded enemies of beauty, it is also true, taking all on an equal footing, that the ladies who know *how* to eat are, comparatively, ten years younger than those who are ignorant on the subject.

Painters and sculptors are well aware of this truth, for they never paint or chisel a miser or an anchorite without making them appear pale, wrinkled, and miserable.

La gourmandize is one of the great links which keeps society together; it gradually extends that spirit of conviviality which daily unites various

classes, amalgamates them, animates the conversation, and rounds off the sharp corners of conventional inequality.

It also makes it incumbent upon the man who asks his friends to dinner to have a care to their comforts; and the latter feel grateful at finding they have been well taken care of.

Eternal shame to those stupid feeders who bolt down with indifference the most delicate morsels, and who gulp first-rate wines without tasting them.

Every well-bred man may pay a delicate compliment to the host who has done his best to please him.

It is not every man that is born a "gourmet."

There are individuals to whom nature has denied that delicate formation of organs without which they are incapable of appreciating the most savoury morsels. There is another class of men who are bad eaters. Absent-minded business men, ambitious men, who wish to do two things at once, and think whilst they eat, and who only eat to satisfy their cravings.

Napoleon I. was one of this class; he was irregular in his meals, and ate hastily and badly; but he displayed in this matter that same absolute will he exercised in every thing else. As soon as he felt an appetite he must be satisfied; and his attendants had strict orders to be ready at any moment to give him chicken, cutlets, or coffee.

But there is a privileged class whom a material and organic predestination calls to the enjoyments of taste.

I was always a disciple of Lavater and Gall. I believe in innate dispositions.

As some individuals come into the world evidently with bad sight, a distorted walk, or bad ears, so are they blind, lame, and deaf. Why then should not certain individuals be predisposed to experience in a higher degree certain series of sensations? Moreover, with a little observation, you may, at every moment, discover men in society who bear upon their countenance the marked stamp of some ruling passion. When a face bears this mark it is rarely deceptive.

Passions act on the nervous system, and often though a man is silent you may read in his face what is passing in his mind. This tension of the muscles, if habitual, soon leaves sensible traces, and gives a permanent and recognizable character to the countenance.

Gourmands by predestination are generally of the middle height: they have round or square faces (*carré*), sparkling eyes, small forehead, short nose, full lips,* and round chins. The women are dimpled, pretty rather than handsome, with an inclination to embonpoint.

Those who are especially addicted to good eating

* Tasso well describes this voluptuous lip:—

Quel labbro, che le rose han colorito,
Molle si sporge e tumidetto in fuore,
Spinto per arte, mi cred' io d' amore,
A fare ai baci insidioso invito.

"That lip, which (like the rose that morn with dew
Has largely fed), so moist, so sweetly swells;
That lip approaches thus, by Cupid's spells,
To tempt to kiss, and still that kiss renew."

have finer features, a more refined appearance; they are more *mignonnes*, and are distinguished by a peculiar manner of their own in swallowing. Under this exterior the most amiable dinner-companions are to be found: they partake of every dish handed to them, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They are in no hurry to leave the spot where they have been well entertained, and you have them for the rest of the evening, because they are aware what games and amusements are to follow the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting.

Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has denied an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and long eyes; no matter what their stature, there is something longitudinal about them. They have sleek black hair, and are thin and lanky: it is they who invented trowsers.

Women whom nature has similarly afflicted are angular, yawn at dinner, and live upon whist and scandal.

I do not fear many contradictions to this physiological theory, because any man can verify its truth for himself; I shall, however, support it by two or three examples.

I was sitting one day at a large dinner, and had opposite to me a very pretty person, whose whole figure denoted sensuality. I whispered to my neighbour that with such features she must be a *gourmande*. 'What nonsense!' he replied; 'she is scarcely fifteen; that is not yet the age for *gourmandize*.' However, let us watch her.

The commencement was not at all favourable to me: I began to fear I had compromised myself; during the first two courses the young lady was abstemious to a degree. This discretion astonished me, and I feared I had stumbled upon an exceptional case, for '*nulla regula sine exceptione.*' But a magnificent dessert was served up, and this revived my hope. I was not deceived: not only did she eat of everything offered to her, but asked for dishes farthest off from her. She tasted every thing; my neighbour was astonished that she could eat so much. My diagnosis was verified, and once again science triumphed.

Two years afterwards I met the same person; she had been recently married; she had grown up into a beautiful woman; slightly coquettish, she displayed all her charms to the best advantage. She was *ravissante.* Her husband was a picture. He looked like that celebrated ventriloquist, who could laugh on one side of his face, and cry on the other. He appeared much pleased that his wife was so much admired, but as soon as he thought an admirer was too warm in his attentions, a cold shiver of jealousy visibly pervaded his frame. The last sentiment prevailed. He hurried off his wife under his arm, and I never saw them again.

On another occasion, I made a similar observation on Duke Decrès, for a long time minister of marine. He was short, stout, fair, broad-shouldered; his face was nearly round, with rounded chin, full lips, and the mouth of a giant. I at once declared him a predestined amateur of good cheer.

I whispered my physiognomical observation into the ear of a pretty lady, who, I thought, was discreet. Alas! I was deceived. She was a daughter of Eve, and my secret would have choked her. That very evening his Excellency was informed of the scientific induction I had drawn from the *ensemble* of his features.

I learnt this on the following morning, in a very amiable letter from the duke, modestly defending himself against possessing the qualities I had attributed to him, however estimable they might be.

I did not regard myself as beaten. I replied that nature never worked without an object; that she had evidently formed him for certain missions, and that if he was abstemious it was by self-constraint. I, however, had no right to challenge his word.

The correspondence ended here; but, shortly after, all Paris was informed by the morning papers of the memorable pugilistic encounter between the minister and his cook. The battle was long disputed, and his Excellency had not always the best of it. Now, if after such an adventure the cook was not dismissed (and he was not), I think I may draw the conclusion that the duke was absolutely dominated by the talents of that artiste, and that he despaired of finding another one who could flatter his taste so agreeably, otherwise he never could have overcome the very natural repugnance he must have felt at having so bellicose a servant.

As I was writing the above lines, on a fine winter's evening, M. Cartier, ex-premier violin of the opera,

entered my room, and sat down by the fire. Being full of my subject, I looked at him with attention. "My dear professor!" I exclaimed, "how comes it you are not a gourmand? You possess all the features of one." "I was once," he replied, "but I am obliged to abstain;" and he gave a deep sigh, almost a groan, worthy of one of Sir Walter Scott's heroes.

But if there are gourmands by predestination, there are gourmands by profession. I will point out four great classes: financiers, doctors, literary men, and *dévôts*.

Financiers are the *heroes* of good cheer. Here is the word, for they do battle; and the aristocracy would have crushed the financiers under the weight of their titles and quarterings, if the latter had not brought into the field against them sumptuous tables and their strong boxes. Cooks fought genealogists; and although dukes did not wait till they had left the room to sneer at their Amphitryon, nevertheless they came, and, by their presence, admitted their defeat.

Moreover, all those who make large fortunes easily, are almost compelled to become gourmands.

Inequality of conditions implies inequality of riches, but inequality of riches does not imply inequality of wants; and the man who could afford every day to pay for a dinner that would feed a hundred, is often satisfied himself with the wing of a fowl. Art, therefore, must be had recourse to, to reanimate that shadow of appetite by dishes that encourage it without hurt, and flatter it without stifling

it. It was thus that Mondor became a gourmand, and that from all quarters gourmands assembled round him.

It is thus that in every cookery-book we are sure to find one or more dishes styled *à la financière.* And it is a known fact that it was not the king, but the *fermiers-généraux*, who formerly ate the first dish of green peas, which always cost 800 francs.

Matters have not changed in our times; the tables of our financiers continue to offer the best that nature can produce, hot-houses bring forth, or art accomplish; and the most noted men of the day do not disdain a seat at their banquets.

Causes of another nature, though not less powerful, act upon the medical profession; they are gourmands by seduction, and they must be men of bronze to resist the temptations offered them.

The "dear doctors" are all the better welcome, as health, which is under their care, is the most precious of all goods; thus they become "spoiled children" in every sense of the word.

Always anxiously expected, they are eagerly welcomed; they are treated like turtle-doves; they gradually like it; in six months it becomes a habit, and they become gourmands past redemption.

One day I ventured to express this opinion at a dinner-party, I myself figuring as the ninth guest, Dr. Corvisart being in the chair.

"You are," I exclaimed, in the inspired tones of a Puritan preacher, "you are the last remnant of a corporation which once covered the whole of France.

Alas! its members are now annihilated or dispersed; no more *fermiers-généraux*, no more abbés, no more knights, no monks of the white robe; the whole body of good taste rests now with you. Maintain with dignity so great a responsibility, even should you share the fate of the three hundred Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ!"

I said, and there was not one dissentient voice; we acted accordingly, and the truth remains.

I made an observation at this dinner which is worthy of record.

Dr. Corvisart, who, when he chose, could make himself most agreeable, drank nothing but iced champagne; thus, from the very commencement of the dinner, he was noisy, witty, and full of anecdotes, whilst the others were plying knife and fork. At dessert, on the contrary, when conversation was just beginning to get lively, he became serious, taciturn, almost morose.

From that observation, and others of a similar nature, I have come to this conclusion:

"Champagne, which is exhilarating in its first effect (*ab initio*), is stupefying in its consequences (*in recessu*), which, moreover, is a noted effect of the carbonic-acid gas which it contains.

Before leaving the subject of medical men, I have a crow to pluck with them. I do not wish to die without reproaching them with the extreme severity they sometimes exercise toward their patients. As soon as a poor fellow falls into their clutches, he is at once forbidden every thing that is agreeable. I

protest against the majority of those interdictions as useless.

I say *useless*, because a sick man never longs for any thing likely to hurt him.

A clever doctor should never lose sight of the natural tendency of our inclinations, nor forget that if painful sensations are baneful from their very nature, agreeable ones are conducive to health. I have seen a glass of wine, a cup of coffee, or a few drops of liqueur, revive a desponding invalid.

Moreover, they must be well aware that their severe prescriptions are generally eluded by the sick man; his friends find plenty of excuses for humouring him, and he dies neither sooner nor later.

I give my opinion with the more confidence, as it is supported by numerous facts, and the most flourishing practitioners approve the system.

The Chanoine Rollet, who died some fifty years since, was a clergyman of the old school, and a hard drinker, as was customary in his day; he fell sick, and the first edict of his physician was to prohibit him from tasting wine. Nevertheless, at his next visit, the doctor found his patient in bed, and at the side of it a small table covered with a snow-white cloth, a goodly-looking bottle and glass, and a napkin to wipe his lips. At this sight he flew into a great rage, when the unfortunate man in a lamentable voice exclaimed: "Ah! doctor, when you forbade me to taste wine, you did not prohibit the pleasure of beholding the bottle."

The physician who attended M. de Montlusin, of

Pont-de-Veyle, was still more cruel, for not only did he prohibit the use of wine to his patient, but prescribed him large doses of cold water.

As soon as he had left, Madame de Montlusin, eager to obey the doctor's orders and to contribute to the restoration of her husband to health, offered him a large tumbler of water pure as crystal.

The invalid took it with docility, and began to drink it with resignation; but he stopped short after the first mouthful, and returning the glass to his wife; "Take it, my dear (he said), and keep it for another time; I always heard we should not trifle with remedies."

In the empire of Gastronomy, the *quartier* of literary men is close to that of the medical fraternity.

In the reign of Louis XIV. literary men were drunkards; they followed the fashion, and the memoirs of that day are quite edifying on the subject. Now they are gourmands: it is a step in the right direction.

I am far from sharing the opinion of the Cynic Geoffroy, that modern productions are so wanting in force because the writers drink nothing but *eau sucrée*. On the contrary, I believe he is doubly wrong, both as regards the fact and the consequence.

Men of letters are invited because of the esteem their talents are held in, because their conversation has, generally speaking, something piquant in it, and also because it has latterly become a custom that every dinner should have its "man of letters."

These gentlemen generally arrive late, and are all

the better received because they are expected; they are made much of to induce them to come again; they are given all sorts of delicacies that they may shine; and, as they find all this very natural, they get accustomed to it, become, are, and remain gourmands.

Matters even went so far as to cause a little scandal. Slanderous tongues have whispered that at certain breakfasts certain *littérateurs* have been bribed; that situations have issued forth from certain *pâtés*, and that the temple of Immortality has been opened with a fork. But they are evil tongues, and I only make this passing allusion to show that I am up in my subject.

Finally, many disciples of "gourmandize" are to be found amongst the *dévôts*.

All men who enter a profession endeavour to walk along the path they have chosen as pleasantly as possible, and this is applicable to the Church as well as to any other. The man who sleeps on the hard rock and does penance, is an exception.

Now there are some things strictly forbidden, as balls, theatres, gambling, and other amusements; whilst they are anathematized, as well as those who patronize them, good living steps in quietly with a jolly rubicund clerical countenance.

By divine right, man is the king of nature, and all that the earth produces was created for his use. It is for him the quail gets plump and fat, it is for him the Mocha exhales its fine aroma, it is for him that sugar was made favourable to health.

Why, then, should the good things offered to us by Providence be neglected?

No less cogent reasons come to the support of the above. Can we receive too hospitably those who guide us in the right path? Ought we not to invite often, and be kind to those whose object is so praiseworthy?

Sometimes the gifts of Comus drop in quite unsought for: a souvenir from a college chum, a gift from an old friend, a peace-offering from a penitent. How refuse to accept such offerings? It is sheer necessity.

Moreover, it has always been so. Monasteries have ever been *dépôts* of rare delicacies, and this is why many amateurs regret their loss.*

Many monastic orders, especially that of St. Bernard, were renowned for their good cheer. The cooks of the clergy enlarged the circle of culinary art. When M. de Pressigni, Archbishop of Besançon, returned from the conclave which had elected Pius VI, he said the best dinner he had had at Rome was at the table of the head of the Capucins.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD LIVING ON CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

Finally, the love of good living, when shared, has a marked influence on conjugal happiness. Husband

* The best liqueurs of France were made at the monastery of the Visitandines; angelica (preserve) was invented at Niort; the sisters of Château-Thierry invented the *pains de fleur d'orange;* the Ursulines of Belley had a receipt for pickled walnuts, unrivalled.

and wife, if both love good cheer, will at all events meet once a day, should they even have separate apartments, and pass a pleasant hour at table: they can discuss not only what they are eating, but what they have eaten, and what they intend to eat; they can talk of new dishes, modern innovations, and interchange that sort of chit-chat which is so charming.

Music has doubtless its charms for those who love it; but it requires attention, and is a labour. Moreover, a man may have a cold, the music-book may be mislaid, the lady have the *migraine*;—there is a hitch.

A want which is shared, on the contrary, calls a married couple to table, both actuated by the same inclination; they pay each other those little delicate attentions which betray a wish to oblige; and the manner in which the daily repasts are partaken of has a great influence upon the happiness of life.

Fielding has ably developed this truth in one of his novels.

Honour, then, to *gourmandize*, such as we present it to our readers, so long as it does not take away man from his occupations or his duties! The orgies of Sardanapalus do not make us despise all woman-kind, nor do the excesses of Vitellius make us turn our back upon a well-organized banquet. When it degenerates into gluttony, it loses its name, its charms, and falls into the hands of the moralist, who will censure it, or of the doctor, who will cure it with medicines.

A DAY WITH THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

It was in the year 1782. It was about one o'clock A.M.; it was a beautiful summer night; a party of young men, myself amongst the number, formed a cavalcade, and after first serenading the fair ladies in whom we felt an interest, we started on our excursion.

We left Belley and took the road toward St. Sulpice, a monastery belonging to the order of St. Bernard, situated on one of the highest mountains of the district, at least 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. I was at that time the leader of a band of amateur musicians, all jolly fellows, and endowed with all the gifts of youth and health. At a dinner one day, the Abbé of St. Sulpice took me aside into a window recess, and said, "My dear sir, if you would come with your friends and give us a little music on the fête-day of our saint, it would be to the glory of the saint, it would delight our neighbours, and you would be the first sons of Orpheus who have penetrated into our elevated regions."

I did not let him repeat the request, but at once accepted:

"Annuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum."

We took all our precautions beforehand, and left at the early hour already mentioned, because we had four leagues to travel over roads steep enough to try the boldest traveller.

The monastery was built in a valley shut in on the west side by the summit of the mountain, and on the

east by a less elevated cone. The peak on the west side was crowned by a forest of fir-trees, of which 37,000 were blown down by one storm. The valley itself consisted of pasture land and fields hedged in, in the English style. We reached the monastery at day-break, and were received by the bursar, a monk with a massive head and a nose like an obelisk.

"Gentlemen," said the worthy father, "you are welcome; it will gladden the heart of our reverend abbot when he knows you have arrived. He is still in bed, being much fatigued from exertion yesterday; but come with me, and you will see that we expected you."

He led the way, and we followed him, guessing rightly he was taking us to the refectory. There all our senses were aroused at the sight of a most seductive breakfast, truly classic. In the centre of the large table rose a pasty as large as a church, flanked on one side by a cold quarter of veal, on the south by an enormous ham, on the east by a huge pile of butter, and on the west by a bushel of artichokes *à la poivrade.*

Fruit of every description, plates, napkins, knives, and silver spoons and forks in baskets were spread over the table, and at the end of the hall were a number of lay-servants ready to wait upon us, though rather astonished at such an early gathering.

In one corner of the refectory more than one hundred bottles were placed under a rippling jet of pure water from the rock, murmuring, as it were, *Evoë Bacche;* and if the aroma of coffee did not

greet our nostrils, it was because in those days it was not taken so early.

The reverend bursar for some time enjoyed our astonishment, and then addressed us in the following speech, which, in our wisdom, we settled he had prepared beforehand:—

"Gentlemen," he said, "I wish I could keep you company; but I have not yet heard matins, and this is a great day. I might invite you to eat, but your years, your ride, and the mountain air will do that for you. Accept heartily what we offer: I leave you to say my matins."

He left us, and we set to with all the vigour of hungry youth. But the efforts of us poor children of Adam were of no avail against a repast seemingly prepared for the children of Sirius. We left but a small mark of our attack. We were then shown to the dormitory, where I was soon snug in a good bed, like the hero of Rocroy, determined to sleep till the battle trumpet sounded.

I was awakened by a robust friar, who nearly pulled my arms out of their sockets, and who informed me that Mass was about to be performed. I hastened to the chapel, where I found every one at his post.

We executed a symphony, an anthem, and other religious pieces, finishing with a quatuor of wind instruments, and, with all due modesty be it said, I think we managed pretty well.

Praises were showered upon us, and, after having received the thanks of the abbot, we sat down to dinner.

Dinner was served in the style of the fifteenth century; few side dishes, few superfluities, but an excellent choice of meat, simple substantial ragouts, all well cooked, and vegetables of a flavour unknown to the lowlands.

Abundance seemed the order of the day. At the second course there were no less than fourteen different dishes of roast.

The dessert was the more remarkable, as it consisted of fruits not to be found at such an elevation; the valleys at the foot of the mountains had been placed under contribution for the occasion.

Liqueurs were handed round, but the coffee deserves special mention. It was clear, perfumed, and beautifully hot. It was not served up in those degenerated vases called cups on the banks of the Seine, but in deep bowls, out of which the thick lips of the monks sucked it in with a loud note of satisfaction.

After dinner we attended vespers, and between the psalms we performed some sacred music I had composed expressly for the occasion.

The day's ceremonials being over, the neighbours began to leave; others played games in the open air. I preferred a stroll, and, with a few others, wandered about inhaling the pure air of these elevated regions, which is so refreshing to the mind, and disposes the imagination to meditation and romance.*

* "I have constantly," (says Savarin) "experienced this effect under similar circumstances, and I am inclined to believe that the lightness

It was late when we returned. The worthy Superior come to wish us good-night. "I am going," he said to me, "to my own apartments, and will leave you to yourselves for the rest of the evening; not because I think my presence would be a restraint upon my worthy brethren, but because I wish them to know they are at perfect liberty. It is not every day St. Bernard. To-morrow we resume our usual daily avocations, '*cras iterabimus æquor.*'"

As soon as the Superior had left, the monks became more lively, and a good deal of good-humoured joking went on.

At nine o'clock supper was served—a careful delicate repast, three centuries removed from the dinner. We all ate heartily; songs were sung, and one of the worthy fathers spouted some verses of his own composition, which were not bad for a monk.

Toward the close of the evening, a voice exclaimed, "Father-cellarer, where is your dish?" "All right," replied the venerable monk, "I am not cellarer for nothing!"

He left the refectory, and soon after returned, followed by three servants, one bearing plates of excellent buttered toast, and the others with a table and a huge bowl of burning spirits and sugar equivalent to punch, the concoction of which was not then universally known.

We did ample honour to the cellarer. As the clock of the monastry struck midnight, each retired

of the air in the mountains allows certain cerebral powers to act which its heaviness oppresses in the plains."

to his apartment to enjoy the sweets of slumber, to which the day's labours had given inclination and a claim.

The father-cellarer mentioned above, having grown old, and being told that a new Superior was coming from Paris, reputed a stern man—"I am easy about it," he said; "let him be as bad as he can be, he can never have the heart to deprive an old man of his seat in the chimney-corner, or to take the key of the cellar from him."

Let it be observed that good cheer is by no means detrimental to health; and, taking every thing into equal consideration, your good eater lives the longest. This has been proved statistically in a very able article read at the Academy of Sciences by Dr. Villermet. He has compared the different states of society where men eat well with those where they are badly fed. He has even compared various districts of Paris, and has proved, for instance, a great difference of mortality between the Faubourg St. Marçeau and the Chaussée d'Antin. It must not be supposed that a high-feeder never falls ill. But he has more vitality in him, all parts of his system are better nourished, nature has more resources, and the body has incomparably more power to resist destruction.

This physiological truth is supported by history, which informs us that every time imperious circumstances, as war, sieges, sudden changes in the seasons, have diminished the means of food, that state of distress has always been accompanied by contagious diseases and a great increase in mortality.

M. du Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, who lived nearly a century, had a great appetite; he loved good cheer. I have often seen his patriarchal countenance beam at the sight of some favourite dish. On every occasion Napoleon showed him the most marked deference and respect.

CHAPTER XIV.

ÉPROUVETTES GASTRONOMIQUES.

UNDER the head of "Éprouvettes Gastronomiques," Savarin gives the *menu* for a dinner suited to various degrees of fortune.

By *éprouvettes gastronomiques* we mean (says Savarin) dishes of such recognized flavour and of such indisputable excellence, that their apparition alone ought, in a well-organized man, to move all his faculties of taste; so that those who, on such an occasion, evince no spark of desire, no radiance of ecstacy, ought to be justly noted as unworthy of the honours of the sitting and of the pleasures attached thereto.

The system of *éprouvettes*, duly examined and deliberated in full council, has been inscribed in the "golden book" in a tongue that changes not:—

"*Utcumque ferculum, eximii et benè noti saporis, appositum fuerit, fiat autopsia convivæ, et nisi facies ejus ac oculi vertantur ad extasim, notetur ut indignus.*"

In other words:—"Whenever a dish of distinguished flavour or renown is served up, scan atten-

tively the countenance of every guest, and note down as unworthy all those whose countenances do not beam with delight."

The power of *éprouvettes* is relative, and must be suited to the habits and capacities of every class of society. All circumstances considered, an *éprouvette* must be calculated to create admiration and surprise. It is a dynamometer, which increases as we approach the higher zones of society. Thus, an *éprouvette* (in other words, a dinner) given by a shopkeeper in the Strand, would not tell upon a clerk in a first-rate concern; whilst upon a select few assembled at the table of a minister or a financier, it would not even be thought of.

This gives us a maxim at once:—

"Let your dinner be according to the guests you invite."

As the reader progresses through these pages, many other truths will force themselves upon his mind. Let him turn occasionally to the aphorisms in Chapter I.; for instance, aphorisms xvi. and xvii., on Punctuality; and xviii. xix. and xx. Gradually we shall arrive at grand conclusions.

I.

For a fortune of about £200 a year, Savarin gives the following as a good dinner:—

A roast fillet of veal, larded, with gravy.

A farmyard turkey, stuffed with chesnuts.

Stewed pigeons.

A dish of stewed cabbage (*Sauerkraut*), ornamented with sausages, and crowned by a fine piece of bacon.

Œufs à la neige.

II.

For a fortune of £600 per annum :—

A fillet of beef *piqué*, roasted with gravy.
A quarter of *chevreuil* (venison), *sauce hachée aux cornichons.*
A turbot, *au naturel.*
A gigot of mutton,* *à la Provençale.*
A dindon *truffé.*
Early green peas.

III.

For a fortune of £1,200 per annum and upwards :—

A carp, *à la Chambord.*
A river pike, stuffed and smothered in a cream of pawns, *secundum artem.*
A capon of seven pounds, crammed with Périgord truffles.
A large Strasbourg pâté de foie-gras.
Truffled quails on toast, *au basilic.*
A pheasant, *à la sainte alliance.*
100 asparagus (early), *sauce à l'omazôme.*
A dish of ortolans, *à la Provençale.*
A pyramid of méringues, *à la vanille* and *à la rose.*

The latter is not a bad dinner. It is curious that Savarin makes no mention of soup or dessert in these *éprouvettes*, probably taking them as a matter of course. Moreover, the dishes enumerated must necessarily vary according to the season of the year. As regards fish, in his day sea-fish was not so easily to be had in Paris. Railways considerably modify his *carte.* Instead of the pike, for instance, red mullets, or a John à Dory, or soles *à la Hollandaise.*

In a word, then, variety, and of the best, is another

* *Pré-salé*, equal to our Dartmoor or Welsh mutton.

maxim. It also implies a good cook. There is another point worthy of observation: truffles. They are sorely wanting at our English dinner-tables. Véry, in Regent Street, gives a very good *capilotade de faisan aux truffes*, for which dish he charges six shillings, and it gives some idea of the great addition truffles are to the table. In Sardinia and Lombardy, truffles are served up alone, fried in butter with cut lemons to squeeze over them. They are delicious.

Another, and what has often struck us as a radical evil in English dinners, is that so many dishes are placed upon the table at once. Unless our dishes are *à la Russe*, with spirits of wine burning under each, all the *entrées* are generally cold when handed to you. Moreover, nothing should be carved at table. The host gets red in the face from exertion, and cannot possibly attend to the lady he has taken down to dinner; whilst the unfortunate man who has had the honour of taking down the lady of the house is like a culprit going to execution. He has a presentiment going downstairs that he will have to carve two fowls smothered in white sauce; he is seldom deceived, and gets no dinner till the third course.

We are here talking of dinners in town, not family dinners. God forbid that our good old English custom should ever go out, or the head of the family be found sitting at home with only a table-cloth before him!

Dinners are well given in the higher circles in Germany.

Every guest (we are not speaking of public din-

ners) has a sort of *procès verbal* of the *menu* placed by the side of his plate. He knows then how to regulate his appetite. The table has nothing on it but epergnes full of the choicest flowers, and, as many of the ladies carry bouquets, the room is agreeably perfumed. The dishes are handed round by servants, and vanish. Your glass is never left empty by the attentive butler, who softly asks you which wine you prefer. Conversation is not interrupted. As soon as dessert is over all rise together, the doors of the drawing-room are thrown open, and excellent coffee and liqueurs handed round. The guest is now a free man; the lady of the house is probably going to the opera. If you are a favourite, she may intimate that she expects you to look in.

The men have dined well and lightly, and are not heavy with wine. All is merry as a church-bell.

Another maxim: *Do not let the men sit so long as is now the custom.*

Often have we broken through the magic circle of petticoats in the drawing-room, and always been received with pleasure for doing so.

Another point worthy of observation is this:

All ladies like *rissoles*, whether of lobster or chicken matters not.

Curry is too hot for them; they will eat sweetbread, but *rissoles* are No. 1, A. They will also partake of oyster pâtés.

All ladies like ice, particularly *à la vanille*, and do not object (though they often refuse it) to a glass of maraschino after it.

We think it a mistake to have game and pudding brought up together. How can a gentle girl eat sweets when the man next to her is eating a piece of woodcock so high that she nearly faints?

For an *éprouvettes* to be certain in producing the desired effect, it must necessarily be, comparatively, on a large scale. Experience, founded on the knowledge of the human species, has taught us that the most rare delicacy loses its influence when not in exuberant proportion; the first movement of pleasure amongst the guests is justly checked by the fear that they will be stingily served, or have to decline out of politeness.

We have often witnessed the effect of "*éprouvettes gastronomiques.* I will mention one:

I was present at a dinner of gourmands of the fourth category (clericals).—My friend J— R— and myself the only profane.

After an excellent first-course, a huge truffled fowl was brought up, and a Gibraltar-looking monster Strasbourg *pâté de foie-gras.*

This apparition produced a marked effect upon the assembly, like the "silent laugh" of Cooper, difficult to describe.

Conversation dropped as if by tacit consent; and, as each guest's plate was filled, I saw the eagerness of desire, the ecstasy of enjoyment, and, ultimately, the perfect repose of bliss on every countenance.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

Man is incontestably the most sensitive being that inhabits our globe, the one which undergoes the most suffering.

Nature in the first instance condemned him to pain by the nudity of his skin, by the formation of his feet, and by the instinct of war and destructiveness which accompanies the human species wherever it has been found.

Animals have not this curse upon them; and with the exception of a few battles on the score of jealousy, suffering, in the state of nature, would be almost unknown to most species; whilst man, who can only experience pleasure in a passing manner, by a restricted number of organs, is always open, in every part of his body, to the risk of excruciating pain.

This decree of destiny has been aggravated in its execution by a host of ills emanating from the habits of social life; so that the most lively and continuous

pleasure we can imagine cannot, either in intensity or duration, compensate us for the atrocious pain which accompanies certain ills, as gout, tooth-ache, rheumatism, &c.

It is this practical fear of pain which makes man, without his being aware of it, throw himself bodily into the opposite camp, and he gives himself up to the small number of pleasures nature has allotted to him.

It is from the same reason that he increases them, draws them out, shapes them, finally worships them. For many centuries during the reign of idolatry all the secondary divinities represented the pleasures presided over by the superior gods.

The severity of the Christian religion has destroyed all those patrons. Bacchus, Cupid, Comus, Diana, are nothing more than poetical souvenirs; but the thing subsists; and under the most serious of all religions we carouse at marriages, baptisms, and even at funerals.

Repasts, in the sense which we give to the word, commenced with the second era of the human race, that is to say, when it ceased to live upon fruits. The preparation and distribution of food rendered a meeting of the family necessary; the fathers distributed to their children the produce of their chase, and, in their turn, adult children rendered the same service to their parents.

Those meetings, limited at first to blood relations, extended gradually to friends and neighbours.

At a later period, as the human race increased in

number, the weary traveller would find a seat at those primitive repasts, and relate the sights he had seen in foreign lands. Thus was hospitality born with rights held sacred by every nation; for no matter how ferocious the race, it held it a sacred duty to respect the life of the man who had eaten its bread and salt.

It is during repasts that language must have been improved, because men continually met, and confidence and conversation was the result.

Such must have been, from the nature of things, the elements of "the pleasures of the table," which is perfectly distinct, let it be understood, from the "pleasure of eating," which is its necessary antecedent.

The pleasure of eating is the actual and direct sensation of a want which is satisfied.

We share the pleasure of eating in common with all animals; it simply implies hunger and wherewithal to satisfy it.

The pleasures of the table are peculiar to the human race. It premises preparation beforehand for the repast, the locality, and the selection of guests.

The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasures of the table are, generally, independent of both.

Both states may always be observed at our banquets.

At the first course men eat eagerly, without speaking or paying attention to what may be said; and,

whatever may be our rank in society, we forget every thing to set to work like the others. But when our cravings begin to feel satisfied, reflection steps in, conversation opens, a new order of things commences, and the man who up to this point was only an eater, becomes a more or less agreeable companion, according to the means given him by the Master of all things.

The pleasures of the table do not consist in transports of delight or ecstasies; but they gain in duration what they lose in intensity, and have the peculiar privilege of disposing us to all others, or of consoling us for their loss.

And, in sooth, after a good dinner, soul and body feel happy and comfortable.

Physically, whilst the brain is lighter, the countenance brightens, the colour rises, the eyes sparkle, a warm heat runs through our veins. Morally, the intellect is brighter, the imagination warms, and wit and humour follow.

Moreover, we often find assembled round the same table all the modifications which extreme sociability has introduced amongst us. Love, friendship, business, speculation, power, solicitation, protection, ambition, intrigue. Hence conviviality concerns every thing; hence it produces fruits of every flavour.

The immediate consequence of these antecedents is, that every branch of human industry exerts itself to add to and increase the intensity of the pleasures of the table.

The goblets and jugs were ornamented with flowers,

and the guests crowned with wreaths; * banquets were held in the open air, in gardens, surrounded by all the beauties of nature.

To the pleasures of the table were added the charms of music and the sound of instruments.

At times, dancers and comic actors were introduced to occupy the eye without interference with the taste; the most exquisite perfumes exhaled their odour around; a further step was taken, and the most beautiful women were engaged to wait upon the guests.

Volumes might be written on this subject, but Greek and Roman authors are at hand to corroborate what I advance.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we have, more or less, according to circumstances, adopted these various means of gratifying the senses, and we have, moreover, added what new discoveries have revealed to us.

However, these accessories are not indispensable to constitute the pleasures of the table. Four conditions suffice, viz.: good cheer, good wine, amiable companions, and time sufficient.

Thus have I often wished for that frugal repast which Horace destined for his neighbour, or to some unexpected guest constrained to find shelter under his roof; namely, a good fowl, a piece of fat venison, and, for dessert, grapes, figs, and nuts. Add to this, wine of the vintage of the Consul Manlius (*nata*

* Vide Couture's pictures: *La Décadence Romaine* Boccacio's Decamerone is descriptive of another epoch of this refined epicurism.

mecum consule Manlio), and the conversation of that voluptuous poet, and I flatter myself I should have supped well.

> At mihi cum longum post tempus venerat hospes,
> Sive operum vacuo, longum conviva per imbrem
> Vicinus, benè erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
> Sed pallo atque hædo, tum pensilis uva secundas
> Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice fica.

HOW TO GIVE A DINNER.

A dinner, no matter how *recherché*, how sumptuous, will never go off well if the wine is bad, the guests not suited to each other, the faces dull, and the dinner eaten hastily.

But some impatient reader will exclaim, How can we manage to unite all these conditions, which enhance, in a supreme degree, the pleasures of the dinner-table?

I will reply to this question, so listen attentively, gentle reader. It is Gasterea, the prettiest of the Muses, who inspires me; I will be clearer than an oracle, and my precepts will live for centuries.

Let the number of your guests never exceed twelve, so that the conversation may constantly remain general.

Let them be so collected that their occupations are different, their tastes similar, and with such points of contact that it is not necessary to go through the odious form of introduction.

Let your dining-room be brilliantly lighted, your

cloth perfectly clean, and the temperature of the room from 13° to 16° Réaumur.

Let the men be clever without presumption, the women amiable without conceit.

Let your dishes be limited in number, but each excellent, and your wines first-rate. Let the former vary from the most substantial to the most light; and for the second, from the strongest to the most perfumed.

Let every thing be served quietly, without hurry or bustle; dinner being the last business of the day, let your guests look upon themselves as travellers who have arrived at the end of their journey.

Let the coffee be very hot, and the liqueurs of first quality.

Let your drawing-room be spacious enough to allow a game to be played, if desired, without interfering with those addicted to chatting.

Let the guests be retained by the pleasant company, and cheered with the hope that, before the evening is over, there is something good still in store for them.

Let the tea not be too strong; the hot toast well buttered; and the punch carefully mixed.

Let no one leave before eleven, but let every one be in bed by midnight.

I have said that the pleasures of the table were susceptible of long duration; I will prove it by a little anecdote, true and circumstantial, of the longest repast I ever made in my life. It is a little *bon-bon*

I slip into the reader's mouth for having read me attentively so far.

A family, relations of mine, lived in the Rue du Bac, consisting of a doctor, aged seventy-eight, a captain, seventy-six, and their sister Jeannette, seventy-four. I sometimes paid them a visit, and was always well received.

"Parbleu!" said Dr. Dubois to me one day, rising on his toes to reach my shoulder, "you have long been praising your *fondues* (eggs beaten up with cheese) to us, making our mouths water; it is time to put an end to it. We will come and breakfast with you some day, the captain and I, and see what they are like."

"Willingly," I replied, "and you shall have one in all its glory, for I shall make it myself. Your proposal has given me great pleasure. I expect you to-morrow at ten—military punctuality." Punctual to the hour came my two old friends, still hale and hearty, clean-shaven and combed.

They smiled with pleasure when they saw the table laid for three, and at each plate two dozen oysters, with a bright golden lemon.

At each end of the table stood a bottle of Sauterne, carefully wiped, all except the cork, which indicated its quality in an unmistakable manner.

Alas! these oyster luncheons have gradually fallen off; they disappeared with the abbés, who always managed a gross, and the chevaliers, who never stopped. I regret them; but philosophically, if time modifies governments, what right has it not over simple customs?

After the oysters, which were found fresh, we had some roasted kidneys, some foie-gras aux truffes, and finally the *fondue.*

The elements were collected in a pan, which was placed upon the table over a burner of spirits of wine. I functioned on the field of battle, and my cousins did not lose one of my movements. They were loud in their praises of the preparation, and asked for the recipe. I told them, moreover, two anecdotes, which the reader will find further on.

After the *fondue* we had fruit and preserves, a cup of real *mocca à la Dubelloy*, and two liqueurs, the first a spirit to settle down, the second oil to soften.

After breakfast I proposed a little exercise, and offered to show them over my house, which is far from being elegant, but is commodious and comfortable, the ceilings and gildings dating from the reign of Louis XV.

I showed them the original cast of my pretty cousin, Madame Récamier, by Chinard, and her miniature portrait by Augustin; they were so charmed that the doctor kissed the portrait, whilst the captain took a similar liberty with the bust, for which I beat him; for if all the admirers of the original took a similar liberty, it would soon share the fate of the big toe of the statue of St. Peter at Rome, which pilgrims have considerably reduced by kissing.

I then showed them casts of some of the best antiques, some pictures, not without their merit, my guns, my musical instruments, and a few rare editions of French and foreign works. I showed them over

my kitchen, explained to them my fuel economizer, my roasting oven and turn-spit with clock, steam valve, all of which they examined most minutely.

As we returned to the drawing-room it struck two o'clock. "Peste!" exclaimed the doctor, "it is dinner time, and sister Jeannette is waiting for us. We must go. I am not very hungry, but I should like my soup. It is an old habit, and if I omit it I exclaim, like Titus, *Diem perdidi!*" "My dear doctor," I rejoined, "why go so far for what you have close at hand? I will send a messenger to your sister to tell her you stop to dinner with me. You must not be over-particular, as it will not have the merit of a got-up *impromptu*."

After an ocular consultation between the two brothers, the offer was accepted. I sent off a messenger to the Faubourg St. Germain, gave some instructions to my chef-de-cuisine, and in a very short time, what with his own resources and restaurateurs in the vicinity, he dished us up a very nice little dinner.

It was a great satisfaction to me to behold the *sangfroid* and *aplomb* with which my two friends sat down, drew their chairs close to the table, spread their napkins, and prepared for action.

They had two "*surprises*," of which I myself had not thought; I gave them grated parmesan with their soup, and a glass of Madeira *sec* after it. Both were novelties, introduced a short time previously by Prince Talleyrand.

Dinner was done ample justice to, and my two guests made themselves most agreeable. After din-

ner I proposed a game of piquet, but they preferred the *far niente*, and we drew round the fire. Despite the pleasures of the *far niente*, I have always entertained the opinion that conversation runs smoother when some little occupation goes on, so I ordered tea.

Tea was a novelty for Frenchmen of the old school, but they drank two or three cups with the more relish as hitherto they had looked upon it as a medicine. A long experience has taught me that complacency follows complacency. Therefore, almost in an imperative tone, I proposed to wind up with a bowl of punch.

"But you will kill us!" shouted the doctor; "You will make us drunk!" exclaimed the captain. I replied by calling loudly for lemons, sugar, and rum.

I mixed the punch; meantime delicate slices of thin toast, well buttered and salted, were under preparation. This time I met opposition; but as I knew the attractions of this simple preparation, I replied that I only hoped they had made enough for us. Shortly afterwards the captain was despatching the last slice, and I saw a glance at the empty dish which made me order up some more.

Time was getting on, and the clock on my mantelpiece struck eight. "We must go now," said my guests, "and have a bit of salad with our sister, who has not seen us all day." I made no objection, and saw them safely to their carriage. During the whole time they were with me not one of us felt the slightest *ennui*. The doctor was full of anecdotes, and the captain had spent many years in Italy in the army,

and on a mission to the Court of Parma, and so our conversation never lagged.

On the morrow I received a note to inform me that, far from having suffered from the little excess of the evening before, they had slept like tops, and were quite ready to try me again.

HOW TO MAKE A "FONDUE."

Take the same number of eggs as of the guests you invite.

Take then a piece of good *fromage de Gruyère* weighing about one-third, and a piece of butter one-sixth of this weight.

Break and beat up your eggs well in a saucepan, then add your cheese and butter grated.

Put your saucepan on the fire and stir it with a wooden spoon until the substance is thick and soft; put in a little salt, according to the age of the cheese, and a good sprinkling of pepper, which is one of the positive characteristics of this ancient dish; serve up on a warm dish. Get some of your best wine from the cellar, which pass round briskly, and you will see wonders.

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

Savarin loved a good dinner. The smell of a roast pheasant or turkey acted upon him like the sound of the bugle on the war-horse, or the "full cry" on the hunter in the field. Though on a mission in which his head was at stake, he could not resist the temptation of stopping on the road to enjoy the good

things which Providence threw in his way. He thus relates his adventure:

Mounted on my good nag "*La Joie*," one day I was riding through the laughing hills of the Jura. It was in the worst days of the Revolution; I was on my way to Dôle, to see the representative Prôt, to obtain a "safe-conduct," which might prevent me from being sent to prison, and from thence, probably, to the scaffold.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning, I stopped at a small inn in the little village of Montsous-Vaudrey. I first saw that my nag had a good feed, and then made my way into the kitchen, when I was struck by a sight which would delight any traveller.

A spit was turning before a glowing fire, admirably furnished with quails—king-quails—fat and plump; the gravy from them was dropping on a fine piece of toast, which showed a knowing hand, whilst close by a leveret, already roasted, was keeping hot, the perfume of which tickled my nostrils.

"Good!" I inwardly ejaculated; "Providence has not yet forsaken me. Let us cull this flower on the road; there is always time to die."

Turning to the host, who, during this examination, was whistling, with his hands behind his back, walking up and down his kitchen with the strides of a giant, "My good man," I said, "what can you give me good for dinner?" "Nothing but good, sir; good boiled beef, good potato soup, a good shoulder of mutton, and good beans."

At this unexpected reply, a shiver of disappoint-

ment ran through my frame; I never eat boiled beef (*bouilli*) of which soup has been made, it is the meat without its juice; potatoes and beans tend to promote corpulency; the mutton did not tickle my fancy.

The host kept throwing side glances at me, as if he guessed the cause of my abject looks. "And for whom do you reserve all this game?" I said, in an annoyed tone of voice. "Alas! sir," he said, with a voice of commiseration, "I cannot dispose of it; it belongs to some gentlemen of the law, who have been down here for the last ten days to make an estimate for a rich lady in the neighbourhood. They finished their work yesterday, and are going to have a jollification to-day." "Sir," I said, after a few moments' deliberation, "take my compliments to those gentlemen, and say that a gentleman solicits as a favour to be admitted to share their dinner, and will willingly pay his part of the expenses, and that he will feel deeply obliged to them."

My host went on the errand.

Shortly afterwards, a fat, jolly-looking little man entered the kitchen, displaced two or three things, took the cover off one of the stew-pans, and went out again.

"Good!" said I to myself, "he has been sent to have a look at me." And hope rose within me, for experience had already taught me that my personal appearance was not repulsive.

My heart beat, nevertheless, as loud as that of a candidate when the votes are being counted, when the host returned, and said the gentlemen were much flattered at my proposal, and only awaited me to sit down to dinner.

I left with a spring, received the most hearty welcome, and in a few minutes we were quite at home.

What a good dinner!!! I will not enter into details, but I must make honourable mention of a *fricassée de poulet aux truffes*, only to be had "*en province*," so good, that it would have brought Tithonus to life again. Of the roast I have already spoken; it was done to a turn, and the obstacles I had to overcome to partake of it heightened its flavour.

The dessert consisted of a *crême à la vanille*, cheese, and various sorts of fruits. We washed all these down, first with a light wine, subsequently with Hermitage, and afterwards with a soft generous wine of a straw-colour. Excellent coffee and liqueurs of Verdun crowned the repast. Not only was the dinner good, but we were very merry.

After speaking cautiously of the events of the day, all sorts of anecdotes went the round.

Songs were sung, and I voluntecred the following impromptu on the occasion:

AIR: *Du Maréchal-ferrant.*

Qu'il est doux pour les voyageurs
De trouver d'aimables buveurs!
C'est une vraie béatitude.
Entouré d'aussi bons enfans,
Ma foi! je passerai céans,
Libre de toute inquiétude,
Quatre jours,
Quinze jours,
Trente jours,
Une année.
Et bénirais ma destinée

We had been four hours at table; a walk was proposed, and I was politely asked to join and return to supper. It was, however, time for me to be off. The sun, already sinking in the West, warned me that I had not much time to spare. They would not allow me to pay my share in the dinner, and all came to see me mount. We shook hands all round, and parted the best friends in the world.

On reaching M. Prôt's residence, I found that I had been informed against, and he received me with sinister looks. I do not believe he was a man cruel by nature; but he had little intellect, and did not know how to wield the fearful power placed in his hands; he was like a child armed with the club of Hercules.

I was better received by Madame Prôt, having brought a letter from a friend. By good luck, the conversation turned upon music. As soon as she found I was an amateur she was delighted. I spent the evening with them. I sang, she sang, we sang. I knew all her favourite airs. On leaving, Madame Prôt put out her hand, and said, "Citoyen, a man who like you cultivates the fine arts is incapable of betraying his country; I know you came here to ask a favour from my husband: it shall be granted, I promise you."

I kissed her hand respectfully, and on the morrow I received my "safe-conduct," duly signed and magnificently sealed.

The object of my journey was thus accomplished; I returned home in good spirits; and, thanks to Har-

mony, that amiable daughter of Heaven, my ascension was postponed for a good number of years.

THE CURÉ'S OMELETTE.

Every one knows that for twenty years Madame R—— * occupied unchallenged the throne of beauty at Paris. It is also known that she was as charitable as she was beautiful, and that she took a great interest in every work of benevolence.

Wishing to consult the Curé of ——, respecting some charity, she went to his house at five in the afternoon, and was astounded to find him already at table.

Madame R—— was about to retire, but the curé requested her to stay, as it would by no means interfere with his repast. The table was laid with a neat white cloth; some good old wine sparkled in a decanter of crystal; the white porcelain was of the best quality; the plates had heaters of boiling water under them, and a neatly-dressed servant-maid was in attendance.

The repast was *limitrophe* between frugality and luxury. A crawfish soup had just been removed, and there was on the table a salmon-trout, an omelette, and a salad.

"My dinner will tell you," said the worthy curé, with a smile, "that it is fast-day, according to the regulations of our Church." Our fair friend bowed; though a private note tells me the colour somewhat

* Madame Récamier, Savarin's cousin.

came to her cheek, which, however, did not prevent the curé from eating.

The execution commenced by the trout, the sauce of which betrayed a skilful hand, and the countenance of the curé denoted satisfaction.

After this first dish he attacked the omelette, which was round, pretty thick, and cooked to a point.

At the first incision of the spoon, a thick rich juice issued forth, pleasant to the eye as well as to the smell; the dish seemed full of it, and Madame R—— owns it made her mouth water.

This sympathetic movement did not escape the curé, accustomed to watch the passions of man, and as if answering a question which Madame R—— never put, "It is an omelette *au thon*" (tunny omelette), he said, "and few people taste it without lavishing praises upon it." "I am not surprised at it," rejoined the fair denizen of the Chaussée-d'Antin, "I have never seen so enticing an omelette on our worldly tables."

The salad followed. ["I take this opportunity," says Savarin, "of recommending salad to every one who places confidence in me; salad refreshes without weakening, and comforts without irritating; I usually say it regenerates."] The dinner did not prevent conversation, and the matter in hand was duly discussed. Other topics were mooted. Dessert, consisting of three apples, a cheese, and a pot of preserves, followed, after which the maid brought up a cup of hot coffee. After having sipped his coffee, the curé said grace. "I never," he said, "take spirits; I always offer liqueurs to my guests, but reserve the use of them for

my old age, should it please Providence to let me live so long." The clock struck six, and Madame R——, who had a dinner-party that day, had to hasten to her carriage to be in time to receive her guests, of which I was one. She, "as usual," arrived late, but did arrive at last, quite full of all she had seen and smelt. The curé's dinner, but especially the omelette, monopolized the whole conversation during dinner. Madame R—— discussed its size, appearance, and odour; and, as all the data were from personal observation, it was agreed it must have been a first-rate omelette. Each guest ate it in imagination.

The matter finally dropped, and the conversation turned to other subjects. I, however, the propagator of useful truths, feel it a duty to withdraw from obscurity a preparation which I believe to be as wholesome as it is agreeable. I gave instructions to my *chef* to get the recipe with the most minute particulars; and I give it the more readily to amateurs, as I do not believe it is to be found in any cookery-book.

HOW TO MAKE AN "OMELETTE AU THON."

Take, for six persons, the roes of two carp; bleach them by putting them for five minutes in boiling water slightly salt.

Take a piece of fresh tunny, about the size of a hen's egg, to which add a small eschalot already chopped.

Hash up together the roe and the tunny so as to mix them well, and throw the whole into a saucepan, with a sufficient piece of very good butter; whip it up

till the butter is melted. This constitutes the speciality of the omelette.

Take a second piece of butter, *à discrétion*, mix it with parsley and chives, place it in a long-shaped dish destined to receive the omelette, squeeze the juice of a lemon over it, and place it on hot embers.

Beat up twelve eggs (the fresher the better), throw in the *sauté* of roe and tunny, stirring it so as to mix all well together.

Then make your omelette in the usual manner, endeavouring to turn it out long, thick, and soft. Spread it carefully on the dish prepared for it, and serve up at once.

This dish ought to be reserved for *recherché* déjeûners, or for assemblies where amateurs meet who know how to eat well; washed down with a good old wine, it will work wonders.

Note. The roe and the tunny must be beaten up (*sauté*) without allowing them to boil, to prevent their hardening, which would prevent them mixing well with the eggs.

Your dish ought to be hollow toward the centre, to allow the gravy to concentrate, that it may be helped with a spoon.

The dish ought to be slightly heated, otherwise the cold china would extract all the heat from the omelette.

EGGS FRIED IN GRAVY.

I was travelling one day with two ladies to Melun. We left rather late in the forenoon, and reached Mont-

geron with a famous appetite. We put up at a very decent-looking inn, but, to our disappointment, were informed three diligences and two post-chaises had passed, and the travellers had eaten up every thing, like locusts from Egypt.

We had, however, looked into the kitchen, and saw a very nice-looking *gigot* of mutton turning on the spit, toward which the ladies cast hungry eyes. It belonged to three travellers in the coffee-room.

With a half-angry, half-supplicating voice, I asked whether we could not have some eggs fried in the gravy; with a cup of coffee it would suffice. "Oh! certainly." The cook broke the eggs into the dripping-pan. As soon as he turned his back, I maliciously drew my travelling-knife, and made two or three incisions in the roast, to allow the juice to flow more freely. I then watched my eggs, and, when they were done, took them to my party. They were found excellent, and we certainly had the best part of the mutton.

CLASSICAL GOURMANDIZE.

Under the title of "History of M. de Borose," Savarin gives some valuable hints on the "Art of Eating." As a dinner-giver, M. de Borose acquired a reputation at Paris; of independent fortune and good position in society, he made it an object to make his dinners as perfect as possible. This became so well known, that when a butcher or victualler had a choice piece of meat or game, he would prefer letting M. de Borose have it at a fair price to selling

it at a high price anywhere else, simply because he knew its merits would be discussed by competent judges, and his shop be sought after.

With Epicurus, M. de Borose said:

"Is man to disdain the gifts of nature? Is he placed on earth to cull only bitter fruits? For whom are the flowers the gods ordain to grow beneath the feet of mortals? It is pleasing to Providence that we should give way to the inclinations it suggests to us; our duties emanate from its laws, our desires from its inspirations."

A little time, reflection, and experience soon taught M. de Borose that, the number of dishes being almost limited by custom, a good dinner ought not to cost much more than a bad one; that it does not cost 20*l.* a year more whether you give good or bad wine; and that every thing depends on the will of the master, the order he keeps in his household, and the authority he exercises over his servants.

Starting from these fundamental points, Borose's dinners acquired a classical reputation; men took pains to get invited, and some talked about them who had never been there. He never asked a *soi-disant gastronome* who was a glutton and who ate wholesale. He invited men of intellect and taste, who knew what was good, and never forgot the maxim which reason says to appetite: "*non procedes amplius.*"

His dinner-parties seldom exceeded nine, and the dishes were not very numerous; but his care and exquisite taste made them perfect. At all seasons of

the year his table presented the best that was to be had, and you were waited upon with such attention that it left nothing to be desired.

The conversation during dinner was always general, amusing, often instructive; this latter quality was due to a very peculiar precaution of Borose. Once a week a learned friend of his, to whom he gave a salary, used to give him subjects fit for discussion at table. De Borose used cleverly to turn the conversation to the subject. Twice a week he invited ladies, and always took care that each lady had a cavalier into whose charge he placed her. This precaution greatly enhanced the pleasure of the evening, because even the severest prude feels humiliated if no notice is taken of her. Music and *écarté* whiled away the evening.

On the first Monday of every month, De Borose made a point of asking his parish clergyman. On that day the conversation assumed a tone a little more serious, but did not exclude innocent gaiety. The worthy pastor has been heard to say, that he wished there were four first Mondays in every month.

Borose was very particular as to whom he dealt with. He insisted upon a first-rate article, and a moderate price. He would lend money to his providers, if times were bad, as long as he found they were honest, and served him well. He made the fortune of his wine-merchant, by proclaiming him a man who did not adulterate his wines—a quality already rare at Athens in the days of Pericles, and scarcely to be found at the present day.

He did not allow any thing at his table to be wasted or taken as perquisites by his servants, whom he paid liberally. He gave away his broken meat in charity.

The above few lines contain within them nearly the whole art of giving dinners.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON DIGESTION.

"*WE do not live* (says an old adage) *upon what we eat, but upon what we digest.*" To live, therefore, we must digest, and this rule is applicable to the rich as to the poor, to the peasant as to the king.

But how few men are acquainted with the functions of digestion! Thoroughly to understand them, they ought to be studied in their antecedents and in their consequences.

We shall not follow M. Savarin in his scientific description of those organs of the human frame more intimately connected with the digestive functions and of those functions themselves, but come to his conclusions.

Digestion is of all the functions of our body that one which has the most influence on the *morale* of the individual.

The principles of the most simple psychology teach us that the mind is acted upon by the organs which are subject to it, and which place it in contact with

external objects; hence it comes, that when those organs are out of order, badly restored, or irritated, that state of degradation exercises a necessary influence on the sensations which are the intermediary and occasional means of intellectual operations.

Thus, without our being aware of it, and, what is more, without our being able to prevent it, accordingly as we digest are we sad, gay, taciturn, lively, morose, or melancholy.

Young persons will sometimes shiver after dinner, and elderly persons feel inclined to go to sleep.

In the first instance, it is nature which withdraws the caloric from the surface to employ it in its laboratory; in the second, it is the same power which, already enfeebled by age, cannot suffice at the same time for the work of digestion and the keeping up of the sensations.

In the first moments of digestion it is bad, even dangerous, to do mental work or commit any excess. This is applicable to youth as well as to middle and old age. Some people are invariably in a bad temper whilst digestion is going on; if men in power, this is not the time to propose a plan to, or ask a favour from, them.

ON REPOSE.

Man is not meant to enjoy indefinite activity; nature has only destined him to an interrupted existence; his perceptions finish after a given time. The period of activity may be lengthened by varying the form

and nature of the sensations he experiences; but that continuity of existence leads him to desire repose. Repose leads to sleep, and sleep brings dreams.

We have now reached the last limits of humanity. For the man who sleeps is no longer a social being; the law still protects him, but commands him no longer.

The general laws imposed upon the globe which we inhabit have necessarily influenced the mode of life of the human species. The change of day and night, which is felt upon the whole earth with certain varieties, but still sufficiently to compensate each other, has naturally enough indicated the time for activity and for rest; and, probably, the use of our life would not have been the same if we had been given day without end.

However this may be, when a man has for a certain length of time enjoyed the fulness of life, he begins to feel weary; his impressions become less vivid; in vain he strives to keep his senses alive; the organs refuse compliance; the soul is saturated with sensation; the hour of rest is at hand.

The reader will observe that we are here considering social man surrounded by all the resources of comfort and high civilization; for the want of sleep comes much more quickly and regularly to the man who undergoes assiduous labour, or to men who have made a long journey, been on the battle-field, at the chase, or who have gone through any other great exertion.

And Nature, that excellent mother, has endowed sleep, like her other gifts, with great pleasure.

The man who reposes experiences an inexpressible feeling of happiness; his arms fall from their own weight, his muscles relax, his brain feels light, his senses are calm, his sensations deadened; he desires nothing, he does not think; a veil of gauze is drawn over his sight. A few moments more,—he sleeps.

There are some men so organized that it may almost be said they do not sleep at all, yet the general truth is that the want of sleep is as imperious as hunger or thirst. The outposts of an army often fall asleep, even though they throw snuff into their eyes. Pichegru, when tracked by the police of Bonaparte, gave thirty thousand francs for a night's sleep, and that very night he was betrayed and given up.

Like all other pleasures, sleep may be carried to an extreme. Men have been known to have slept away three-quarters of their life; the effects in such cases are baneful—idleness, indolence, weakness, stupidity, and death.

The school of Salerno allowed seven hours' sleep to all ages and sexes. That doctrine is too severe: children and women require more; but more than ten hours in bed is always an excess.

And what does the mind do during this lapse? It lives in itself; it is like a pilot in a calm, as a mirror in the night, a lute the strings of which vibrate not to a touch; it awaits fresh excitement.

There are, however, some psychologists, amongst others Count de Redern, who maintain that the mind

never ceases to act, and the latter supports his opinion on the ground that every man aroused from his first sleep experiences the sensation of one disturbed in some serious occupation.

There is some truth in the observation, which is worth investigation.

THE INFLUENCE OF DIET ON REST, SLEEP, AND DREAMS.

Whether a man rests, sleeps, or dreams, he does not cease to be under the power of the laws of nutrition, and does not leave the limits of the empire of Gastronomy.

Theory and experience agree to prove that the quality and the quantity of food exercise a powerful influence upon labour, repose, sleep, and dreams.

An ill-fed man cannot support the fatigue of prolonged labour; he perspires; his strength leaves him; and, for him, repose is simply the impossibility of action.

If it is a mental labour, the ideas are weak and vacillating; reflection refuses its aid, and judgment fails; the brain wearies itself in vain efforts, and the writer dozes off.

On the other hand, the man who lives well, and is careful of himself, will do an amount of labour scarcely credible.

Diet has no less influence on sleep and dreams. A hungry man cannot sleep; the pains in his stomach keep him in a painful state of sleeplessness. On the

other hand, the man who has eaten too much falls at once into a heavy sleep; if he dreams, he has no recollection of what he dreamt about. He awakes suddenly, and it is some time before he is again restored to social life; and when the heaviness of sleep has quite left him, he still suffers, for a long time, from want of digestion.

As a general maxim, it may be said that coffee drives away sleep. Custom obviates the effect; but it infallibly has this effect upon all Europeans who are not accustomed to it. Some articles of food, on the contrary, promote sleep; namely, all those where milk predominates, chicken, orange-flower, and especially a rennet apple, if eaten just before bedtime.

Experience, supported by a thousand facts, shows that diet determines dreams. Generally speaking, all articles of food of an exciting nature cause dreams, more especially pigeons, ducks, game, and especially hare. The same may be said of asparagus, celery, truffles, perfumed sweets, and especially vanille.

It would be a great error to suppose that all these things ought to be banished from the table; for the dreams they occasion are generally speaking agreeable, and prolong our existence, even during our sleep. There are persons for whom sleep is a sort of separate existence, a sort of prolonged romance; that is to say, their dreams are continued from night to night, and they recognize old faces, which, however, they never meet in the real world.

The man who reflects upon his physical existence and regulates it according to the principles which we

develop, that man will carefully prepare his repose, his sleep, and his dreams. He will divide his labour so as not to overwork himself; he will make it lighter by variety, and refreshen himself by short intervals of rest, which relieve him without interrupting his train of thoughts. If sometimes he should find a longer rest than usual necessary, let him take it in a sitting posture: let him rest without sleeping, unless quite overcome, and let him especially avoid acquiring the habit of it.

When he retires to bed at the usual hour, let his bedroom be airy; let him not draw the bed-curtains close, which would make him breathe continually the same air; and let him not close his shutters completely, so that whenever his eye opens it may be comforted by a ray of light.

Let his pillows be slightly raised; his pillow ought to be of horse-hair, his nightcap of linen; his chest not oppressed with bed-clothes, but let his feet be warmly covered.

He has eaten well, but not too much; he has drunk the best wines, abstemiously, even of the very best. At dessert he has talked of gallantry more than of politics; he has taken a cup of coffee, and perhaps a glass of liqueur after it. He has been an amiable companion, and has afterwards spent a pleasant evening where music has prevailed. He retires to rest satisfied with himself and others, his eyes close, and he falls into deep calm sleep. Nature is soon relieved. Pleasant dreams hover round him and impart a mysterious existence; he sees the persons he loves, finds

his favourite occupations, and rambles amongst his favourite haunts.

Finally, sleep leaves his eyelids, and he returns to society without regretting the time lost, because, even in his sleep, he has enjoyed activity without fatigue, pleasure without alloy.

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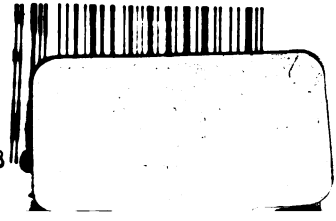

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